

From Chambers' Journal.

ISIS.*

THIS is a book that will probably be misunderstood by the word-catchers and line-and-plummet critics. They will describe it as only another tour in Egypt, that tells nothing new, and can tell nothing new, since everything has been already told a score of times. And this is to some extent a fact—yet quite untrue. The book is a tour in a terribly betravelled country, and it adds no more to our knowledge of Egypt than the *Sentimental Journey* does to our knowledge of France. Yet, like that work, it is full of novelty; it is full of pictures absolutely original; and although the people it treats of, and their classes and occupations, are the same that have become so familiar to us, they are represented in a light so strange as to be sometimes startling. In many respects, the author flatly contradicts all former travellers. To him, the country, even in its wildest and dreariest aspects, is a paradise; and the character of the very worst of the inhabitants has points of relief that enchant him. The reason is, that he carried his own atmosphere with him, through which he saw and felt; or that he diffused his own spirit throughout the whole of visible nature, till the objects he beheld seemed to become a portion of himself, and he of them. To understand this, it is only necessary to read the following eloquent burst, elicited during a morning stroll in Nubia:—"God only knows what occasioned the pleasure I then felt in being alone, seeing I am the least solitary creature upon earth; but it was a pleasure; and day after day I sought it, sometimes before the faintest dawn had reddened the cool orient, sometimes in the depth of night, when the moon, walking with her white feet over the desert, invested sand, rocks, and rivers, with the pale splendors of a mimic day. One morning, having risen and landed considerably before dawn, I found some difficulty in following the path, and therefore, proceeding beyond the narrow strip of cultivation, directed my footsteps southward over the sand, along the hedge of the prickly mimosas which separated the desert from the valley. How entire was the silence of this stillness! There existed nothing to fear, yet I was not altogether without a certain vague apprehension that some evil might befall me; but this did not amount to a sense of real danger, otherwise it would have sent me back to the river; but the feeling was just sufficiently strong to enable me, with Gray's school-boy, to 'snatch a fearful joy.' The moon on one side of the heavens was going down, while on the other I looked in vain for that pearly gray which comes forth, like a modest spirit into the sky, to announce the approach of Aurora. From time to time, I paused and gazed around me; and though years, long years, have passed since that morning, I am deeply grateful still for the delight I then enjoyed.

"Let me not appear extravagant if I declare,

that the whole universe seemed to have melted, with all its grandeur, into my soul. The idea did not present itself to me, that I was a part of what I saw, but that I was the whole. The consciousness of all things around me melted, as it were, into mine, or else I lent my consciousness to the material universe. I know not how a man may be brought into such a frame of mind, but this I know, that to taste again of similar enjoyment, I would willingly, had I the power, traverse half the earth; and most other persons, I feel assured, would do the same. The charm, however, may have consisted in the combination of circumstances. All around me lay extended the immeasurable desert, clothed with lights and shadows of the strangest kind by the setting moon. Here were patches of white sand converted by the magic of light into snow-drifts; and there arose pinnacles of glittering rocks, sheathed apparently in silver, and piercing the amethystine ether, alive with clustering constellations. At distant intervals, I caught a glimpse of the Nile, its mirror-like surface slightly tremulous in the fading moonlight. And then the firmament—was it not full of God! All the fables, all the religion, indeed all the intellectual life of ancient Greece, seemed to be painted there in everlasting colors. Every constellation evolved or evoked a world of thought. There Argos steered its eternal voyage toward Colchis, there the mighty hunter, Orion, drew his glittering bow, there the virgin Cassiopeia sat on her starry throne, and there the hair of Berenice waved in golden brightness among the gods. Above all these, extended lovingly across the heavens, the white track made by the milk of Hera's breast, which, as it fell from the summit of Olympus, was converted into countless stars."

This extract is the key to the book; which will now be seen to contain the imaginative traveller's views of Egyptian life and scenery. Such views, it will be observed, are by no means inconsistent with correctness in fact. The facts may be true, though seen through a poetical medium; and, indeed, there are various portions of the volumes which discover a shrewdness of observation by no means common even among the most prosaic of travellers. We would rather turn, however, in the mean time, to the personal character of the traveller, since that had so great an influence on the impressions he received. This curious bit of autobiography he gives *apropos* of some speculations on the Bedouins. "I regard what I am now writing very much in the light of a confession, intended not by any means to exalt myself, but that the reader may be gratified by thinking how much more wisely he or she has thought and acted than I have. For this reason, all the truth—as far at least as it is connected with the subject—shall out here. Shortly after marriage, I retired with my wife to a country-town on the sea-shore, for the purpose of maturing and carrying out a plan we had long formed. This was to leave Christendom altogether, traverse the Mediterranean, and join some of the tribes of Bedouins in the desert about Palmyra. To enable me to carry this design into

* Isis; an Egyptian Pilgrimage. By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols. Longman. London: 1853.

execution, I studied assiduously the Arabic language, and read daily the Koran and the histories and traditions of El-Islam; that I might not on my arrival among the Ishmaelites be an entire stranger to their system of ideas and belief. That we did not pursue and perfect this plan, was owing to no caprice or infirmity of purpose on our part, but to the adverse influences of fortune; and now that the time for realizing the wishes of those days has gone by, and given me other ties and prospects, I confess it has been one of the lasting regrets of my life, that we were not then enabled to make the desert our home, amid those fierce and lawless wanderers, who scorn the yoke of sultan or pacha, and are to all intents and purposes their own masters." After this, the following will amuse: "Will the reader pardon me if I exhibit a trait of personal vanity? When I arrived at Thebes, I had one of the handsomest beards in the world; black as jet, and descending in curls and waves over my breast. This was a great recommendation to me among the Arabs, and I fear I must attribute to it much of the influence I possessed over them. Often and often, while passing along the streets of Gournou, Karnac, and Luxor, the women and the old men, as they sat on the stone *mastabah* beside their doors, would exclaim to each other: 'Wallah, has not he a beard!'" St. John adds, that this magnificent beard has long since gone to the tomb of all the Capulets. That may be true of the identical "commodity of hair;" but, if it has gone, it has left behind it, to our certain knowledge, a very respectable successor.

Imagine the figure this beard would cut at a breakfast in the desert like the one thus described: "Just as the sun showed himself above the Arabian mountains, we reached a sheik's tomb, old, dilapidated, and deserted. Here we determined to breakfast, and Abou-Zaid and Mohammed kindled their charcoal fire in the interior, while we sat on the sand without, leaning lazily against the wall, smoking our pipes, and feeling the pleasant warmth of the sun falling on our cheeks. My reputation as a philosopher has long ago been done for with the reader, and therefore I need affect no reserve, but go on indulging with more Homeric freedom than Homer himself, in my descriptions of eating and drinking. Just imagine a sheik's tomb on the edge of the desert, surrounded by fine soft sand, studded here and there with the delicate feathery mimosa, whose fresh, bright green leaves were put gently in motion by the morning breeze; imagine the emerald valley before us, and behind the Libyan waste, with the consciousness we were just about to enter upon it; then imagine five camels, crouched like so many huge cats on the sand, eating perfectly at their ease the prickly plants, which, to save them the trouble of motion, Mohammed had cut and thrown before them; lastly, imagine brimming bowls of coffee, aromatic and rich with cream, fresh white cakes covered with marmalade, *kabobs* crackling from the fire, eggs, fresh cheese, and half-a-dozen other luxuries, with an appetite like a wolf's, and you will be able to form some idea of the breakfast we made over the remains of some dear old derwish, who probably had spent his life in doing good, and now in death lent his tomb as a breakfast parlor to a couple of wandering infidels from the west!"

Mr. St. John had an opportunity of seeing one of the famous slave-hunting parties on the march homewards from the interior of Africa; but his

account of the victims is strangely different from what we should have expected. "Crossing over to the right bank, we witnessed a very strange exhibition. This was a small Turkish encampment, where we saw soldiers of nearly all nations returning from the interior of Africa, bringing along with them a large company of female slaves. Of these, a majority were negroes, and the remainder Galla or Abyssinian women. They were kept in a large fold, like sheep, with an enclosure of calico stretched on poles, to protect them from the gaze of strangers; but they contrived, poor girls, to exhibit their beauty in spite of their jealous owners; for, getting on tip-toe, and resting their chins on the calico, they showed us, as we passed, their laughing faces. Some of them on the following night managed to get out, and the excitement they created in Korosko is not to be described. The honest Turks, their masters, fatigued by their long march across the desert, had fallen fast asleep, and so also had the native guardians set over the female slaves. The opportunity was not to be overlooked, so they resolved to enjoy a few hours of freedom, which they spent as they pleased in the village, drinking, singing, and dancing with the Nubians, till they judged it time to return to their prison, where in the morning they were all found, looking as innocent as if nothing had happened." This is likewise a curious trait. "From contemplating this landscape, we were suddenly roused by a wild cry issuing from a narrow ravine in the eastern mountains. At first, it was impossible to decide whether the sound we heard betokened rapture or agony. Presently, however, it was repeated, and our Arabs and Nubians recognized the well-known *zagharit*, or shrill shriek of joy, uttered by the women of the valley when in the enjoyment of unusual delight. Whoever has heard a railway whistle at midnight, in some remote valley, may form some conception of this sound. There is nothing else like it in nature. It is produced by rolling the tongue up into a sort of pipe, and then forcing the voice through it in a manner altogether inexplicable to me. When ten or twelve women, however, join in the *zagharit*, it seems to pierce the brain, and persons unaccustomed to it immediately put their fingers in their ears." This "eldritch skirl," it seems, was performed on the occasion of a wedding going on in the neighborhood.

But we must now come to Mr. St. John's adventure in the Mummy Pits, of which so interesting an account is given by Leigh. He had some difficulty in obtaining guides, for his party were mobbed by the women, who sought to prevent their husbands from being tempted by money to risk their lives from the mephitic exhalations which had already proved fatal to many. "But as Pharaoh's heart was hardened against the Israelites, so were ours made worse than the flinty rock against these poor daughters of Ishmael, who, however, determined not to be conquered easily, but crowding round us, sobbing and shedding tears, saluted our ears with hostile epithets, such as dogs, pigs, unbelievers, Jews, with whatever else their connubial or maternal rhetoric could supply." This difficulty overcome, they proceeded to the place. "In conformity with the national practice, the Arabs, having stripped nearly naked, knelt upon the sand, and repeated certain prayers, as being about to undertake an enterprise full of danger. Their leader, an old man with an ex-

tremely white beard, then taking up a lamp, passed round a projection of the rock, followed by his two sons, and entered a narrow passage which we ourselves had failed to discover. I followed, and Vere, with Suliman and the other Arabs, brought up the rear. After proceeding for some time, the cavern suddenly expanded, and presented to the eye a prospect of infernal magnificence. The roof, rising like that of some vast cathedral, was black as night, while innumerable gloomy aisles, apparently interminable, stretched away on all sides. The walls, the pillars, the niches, the tabernacles—in one word, all we saw, appeared to be cased with black crystal, which, sparkling and glittering as the lights passed on, suggested forcibly to the mind the idea of hell, towering and dilating before one in Satanic grandeur. Everything around wore a fuliginous aspect. In the floor were chasms of unknown depth, descending between black rocks, moist and slippery; while the most loathsome effluvia, pestiferous as those of Avernus, filled the atmosphere, and inspired me with a feeling like that of sea-sickness. Had we taken in with us two or three hundred Fellahs, and disposed them in long lines down the aisles, with torches in their hands, we might possibly have formed a tolerable conception of those stupendous *hypogææ*. As it was, our few small lights suggested the idea of glow-worms moving in darkness through infinite space.

"What inspired the Egyptians with a fondness for such localities, it is hard to say. There was certainly something sublime in their habit of mind; but then it is equally clear, that when they visited these subterranean tombs, the air could not have been so offensive or pestiferous as it is at present. The change was evidently brought about by some accidental conflagration, which might at any moment be repeated; for in all the vaults and chambers of the interior, linen, cotton, palm-leaves, dry as tinder, are profusely scattered on all sides, ready to be ignited by the first chance spark that may fall among them. In this case, the whole would instantaneously be in a blaze, and the effluvia issuing from such a mass, with innumerable mummies of men, women, and crocodiles, broiling, seething, and frying in a confined space, may, perhaps, be more easily imagined than described. Escape would be impossible. Every soul in the cavern would be overtaken by immediate death; and it would then, perhaps, be centuries before the people of Maabèd would again resume courage to act as guides. Here and there the bodies of those who had fallen in the attempt to explore the place, present themselves as startling mementos to future travellers. Vere, as we crawled along, put his hand on the face of one of these victims. The bats were innumerable; and, striking against us in their flight, attempted to crawl down our breasts, or up under our Fez-caps. I once or twice put the point of my thumb or finger into the mouths of those which had fallen to the earth; for I should observe, that the passage at length contracted, and became so low, that we were forced to creep along on our hands and knees.

"While I was pleasing myself with the idea that I should soon be in the *adyton*, where, in the midst of crocodiles, red-haired girls were sacrificed to Typhon, I felt suddenly a strange swelling of the heart, like that which in some circumstances is said to precede death; my breathing became obstructed, and darkness came over my eyes, so

that I could not clearly distinguish the candle I carried in one of my own hands. . . . On reaching the mouth, the guide threw himself on the sand, while I sat in a state of stupor for nearly half an hour. Some time after, our friends returned, bringing along with them mummies of crocodiles. They were covered with dirt, soot, and sweat, but did not appear to have suffered particularly from the effects of malaria. . . . The Arabs now volunteered to enter a second time, to bring out other mummies, among which was one of a red-haired girl, unquestionably the most hideous relic of mortality I ever beheld. It was naked to the waist; the stomach and abdomen were pitted in; the skin was black; and the head, loosened by time, shook in the socket, and turned round, trembling and grinning at the least motion. My disgust and horror combined to inspire me with regret for having thus rifled the tomb. I could not take the fearful mummy along with me into my boat; the Arabs refused to restore it to its resting-place; and, therefore, not knowing what better to do, I laid it gently on the sand of the desert, where, if the thing were practicable, it was devoured by the half-famished hyænas, to which nothing that can possibly be eaten comes amiss. I have often since then been haunted by the image of that girl, who had slumbered quietly in her tomb for 2000 years, till disturbed by my Frankish curiosity. How I came to yield to this morbid sentiment is more than I can explain, since, on all other occasions, I had resisted its influence. Possibly, the wish to possess a red-haired mummy—remembering, as I did, the tradition that such persons were habitually sacrificed to the principle of evil—overcame my better feelings." When St. John was sufficiently well to walk, the Arabs took up the crocodiles, and putting them on their heads, the whole party, European and native, marched towards the boats, forming a strange procession.

The Nile, on which they embarked, has of course the power of raising any amount of enthusiasm in our excitable traveller. "The Nile seems a mighty epic to me, gushing forth in darkness amid lands unknown, then emerging with its blue waters into the light of history, and reflecting as it flows innumerable monuments, replete with surpassing grandeur, and ancient almost as the globe itself, creating, by slow deposits, a whole country as it advances towards the sea, and exciting through countless ages a gratitude and an admiration which habitually degenerated into idolatry. The sky, also, which everywhere hangs enamored over this mighty river, suggests to my fancy ideas too lovely to be invested with language. Clouds, no doubt, have their charms, especially when, blushing with crimson, and suffused with golden light, they pile themselves up in the Orient, to witness and accompany the birth of day, or spread themselves like a gorgeous funeral-pall over its death-like descent into the west. But give me a sky of unstained blue, which rises in infinite altitude over the earth, the image of eternal purity, through which the sun travels daily like a god, with not a vapor to intercept one of his rays in its descent towards the habitations of man. Here, indeed, there is no variety. Day after day, the morning breaks with unsullied brilliance, and the same immitigable glory accompanies its close. It is a serene monotony, productive of ever-varying reflections—a calm suggestive of unspeakable delight, a beauty resulting from unity

which fills the soul with infinite yearnings after eternal beatitude." The superstitions of the river are singular. One of them relates to a certain Sheik Said, who is supposed to preside over the destinies of its mariners. "Inspired with this belief, every sailor who passes up or down the river, however scanty may be his means, casts into the water a small offering of bread for Sheik Said. Superstition is not logical; the pious Arabs, therefore, perceive no contradiction in attributing to the spirit of the derwish unity and multitude. They believe, in defiance of metaphysics, that his soul, descending into the river, infuses itself into a number of little fishes, which, as the bread floats miraculously towards the shore, ascend, put their heads above water, and eat it. Thus refreshed, the material soul of Sheik Said returns to his tomb, and there, brooding over the events of his mortal life, and the attributes and perfections of God, continues from age to age plunged in immeasurable felicity." There is another Sheik Haridi, whose tomb among the rocks is haunted by a great serpent, said to come every day to devour the offerings left for him by the pious mariners. While looking for this tomb, St. John met with rather a hazardous adventure. "We crossed the gap, and there found a path, not more than nine inches wide, running out along the face of the cliffs, round a bluff projection which beetled out for 150 feet overhead. I still tremble as I recall to mind that dreadful place. Observing that it led to a grotto cut in the rock, about 250 feet above the valley, and imagining this might be the retreat of the serpent, I determined, if possible, to reach it. Suliman, with superstitious eagerness, took the lead. The path, narrow as it was, had been rendered more perilous by the action of the sun and air, which had crumbled it away in several places, so that there was scarcely anything on which to rest the foot. At our departure from the semi-cone, we ran, of course, no danger, but ere we had advanced twenty paces, the depth beneath us had increased to 60 or 70 feet; we were compelled to move cautiously, with our faces against the perpendicular cliff, holding by little unevennesses or projections of the rock, the difficulty and the peril augmenting every moment. The cold perspiration now bursts over my whole frame as I remember my sensations. When I looked down between my feet, and beheld the tremendous height beneath, my head became giddy in an instant; and to this hour it is inexplicable to me how I did not immediately let go my hold and tumble backwards. Suliman was about two paces in advance, and, not to frighten him, I made no allusion to the hideous depth, but observed quietly, that I thought we had better return, to which he very readily assented. We, therefore, began to make our way back, my fingers clutching the rock convulsively, and my brain whirling with terror. I recollect, distinctly, that at one point of our retreat the rocks seemed to have grown more friable, as little bits came off in my hand; but I dug my nails into it till the blood almost came, and in this fashion worked my way back, until I stood once more on the summit of the semi-cone, with much the same feelings that a man gets out of a mortar just about to explode."

But almost every page would furnish a quotation, and our space is scanty. We conclude, therefore, by way of a striking wind-up, with a storm, and advise the reader to go the book itself, where he will find abundant materials as good as

the above, and in such variety as to be adapted for all modes of thought. "It was getting towards evening, the sun lay obscured behind a thick curtain of vapor, and along the edge of the horizon for miles stretched a blood-red belt, reposing on mountains of black clouds, and pressed down, as it were, and narrowed by dense masses of the same color from above. The air, where we stood, seemed to have lost all motion; there was a hush, a stillness, a silence, which we felt to be painful. Once or twice I fancied here and there over the crimson glow, slight, evanescent corruscations of blue and yellow, like the phenomena which indicate the approach of the Simûm. The pleasure I experienced in gazing at this stupendous panorama, unrolled before us by nature, was mixed with awe. It seemed as if the natural course of things were about to receive some great and sudden shock. As it happened, there were no villages near, or dwellings of any kind. At intervals, a few scattered palms stood up against the sky, their towering forms relieved strangely against its startling colors. Presently, a low murmur, suggesting extreme remoteness, was heard in the west, as if a great army were approaching the valley under cover of those fuliginous exhalations. Every moment the sound increased in loudness, until at length our ears were smitten by the full roar of the hurricane. But the wind did not come alone. To our eyes, it seemed to have lifted up the whole Libyan desert, and to have hurled it in vast clouds into the sky. No phenomenon in nature ever appeared more grand to me. Sometimes the surging sand-clouds suggested the idea of a whole continent on fire, with its smoke ascending in stifling and immeasurable masses to heaven, an idea which was strengthened by streams of red light bursting here and there through the gloom, and imparting to the sandy particles, hurled aloft, rolling and fluctuating in the air, the appearance of flame. In a few moments, we were involved in the driving sand, which, entering our mouths, nostrils, ears, and eyes, excited sensations indescribably painful. We had by this time retreated to the river's bank, where, throwing our cloaks over our heads, we sat down in the lee of a sheltering ledge to let the storm pass."

THE MESSRS. Harper have issued the concluding number of Mr. Lossing's invaluable "*Field Book of the Revolution*." The work we have frequently referred to as the complement of every revolutionary history. Very few books published in America have had the same pains bestowed upon them. Not only is the compilation accurate in details, but it includes facts and documents with difficulty procurable elsewhere. Mr. Lossing's admirable designs, maps, portraits, autographs, &c., are, of course, the great features of the work. As the work is now completed, with all the requisite frontispieces, titles, and an ample index, book-buyers may secure all the numbers at once, and add them to their collection.—*N. Y. Times*.

MR. LUTHER TUCKER, of Albany, has commenced the publication of a weekly paper entitled the *Country Gentleman*, the objects of which are pretty well expressed in the caption. The farm, the fireside, the garden, the orchard, the current news, and the markets, get a fair share of attention. Mr. Tucker's long connection with the *Cultivator* and *Horticulturist* guarantee the character of his new enterprise.—*N. Y. Times*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

AMERICAN STATESMEN.

In the republics of the ancient world and of the middle ages, the forum and the tribune were the places from whence the greatest popular influence was exercised; and as the rude liberty which the nations of those days were capable of enjoying was expanded, these elements of popular power increased in the same proportion. But in England, as the middle classes have made their way up into the administration of public affairs, they have brought with them their business habits, and their very good custom of confining their attention to the point before them, and of valuing a few plain remarks filled with facts bearing upon it, more than fine-turned empty sentences.

It is generally supposed that the English race upon the other side of the Atlantic are not animated with the same love of directness and point; that, while there is a popular demand for more skill in a public man in those rhetorical displays which delude the judgment quite as often as they excite the fancy, there is less call for the higher qualities of the statesman, for broad and comprehensive views, accurate knowledge, skill in its application to circumstances, capacity for patient labor, quickness of comprehension, and sterling common sense. Such ideas have been gathered, not without reason, to a certain extent from the public press of the United States, and to a certain extent from the speeches of some of its public men. But they are incorrect.

It is undoubtedly true, that, in a country where the daily journals are counted by thousands, and read by everybody, there are many conducted with but moderate ability, and possibly not unfrequently with a little too much verbosity. But the better class of newspapers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, &c., will compare favorably with most of the English journals, in the style, tone, and temper of their leading articles, and the statesmanlike mode of treating their subjects. So, too, it is undoubtedly true, that in a country where every man of ordinary fluency of speech may find audiences at the many public meetings held for political and other purposes, and a place for his efforts in the columns of the next morning's papers, some persons will obtain a hearing whose taste will fall short of the canons of art. And in the Congress even, while the public business is dragging its slow length along in the committee-rooms, there will be some, perhaps too many, speeches made for "Buncombe," not unlike, in style and pertinency, those astonishing productions with which Irish members sometimes illuminate the House of Commons. But such men are measured at their true value in America as well as here, and are tolerated only while the better men of the country are off the stage.

The capitol at Washington is to the loungeer what Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the morning concert, a dejeuner in the country, or (in 1851) a five-shilling day in the Exhibition, or the Royal Academy rooms, are to the Londoner—a place where a vacant hour can be agreeably killed; and thither the gay world go to do the murder with Yankee directness of purpose. Up the broad, dusty, sun-burnt avenue they go in crowds, if that woebegone street ever can be crowded. They mount the magnificent flight of steps which leads to the eastern front, pass the triple colonnade, and enter the rotunda, with its marble,

tobacco-covered floor. If there be no debate of interest in either house, the stream diverges here; some go to the Senate to hear grave senators discuss the items of an Indian bill; some to the House to listen to a member considering a bill for the relief of the widow of John Smith, and regaling his audience with the local politics of a county in Texas or Iowa. But by far the greater part will find their way to the library, where the latest fashions, the latest engagement, the chances for the presidency, the newest book, the last night's flirtations, and the to-night's dances are jumbled up in a characteristic conversational mélange.

When a debate of interest is to take place in the Senate, it is generally well known beforehand. It is talked over in society much as if it were a show for the amusement of the weaker sex, and senators are besieged for places upon the floor of the chamber. As the time approaches, the galleries begin rapidly to fill; and before the hour arrives, galleries, lobbies, and the floor are crowded—many a pretty face usurping the seat and desk that should be filled by graver—stolidity, perhaps. The vice-president calls the senate to order, the business of the day is disposed of, and then the expected debate begins, lasts till the audience are tired (sometimes longer), and then the performance breaks off, like Dumas' play of *Monte Christo*, to be renewed the next day. This semi-theatrical way of conducting the discussions of this eminent body has given to them a character peculiar to themselves. The debates are not so much debates as a succession of orations, elaborated with care, delivered with oratorical effect, and generally treating the subject with a philosophic completeness not usual in England.

The Senate has much changed since we first knew it. None of the great triumvirate remain. Clay and Calhoun, the embodiments of the principles of union and disunion, have gone to their final home, amid the tears of friends, the respect of foes, and the lamentations of the republic; Webster has left, to fill the responsible position of chief adviser to the president; Benton, too, the father of the Senate, after forty years of public service, has been rejected by his State, and has lately been returned to the lower house by his more immediate constituency; Clayton and Buchanan are no longer there; Cass, indeed, remains, and there are others of great reputation at home. But the gentlemen we have named, almost the only ones known in Europe, have left the scenes of which they have long formed the central point of interest.

Mr. Calhoun was a man of remarkable formation, physical as well as psychological, and exercised an influence on the southern portion of the Union which will long outlive even the youngest disciple of his school. Tall, thin, with sunken cheeks and rigid lips, his long grizzled hair thrown in confusion off his square forehead over the back of his head, he attracted the attention of the visitor at once by the nervous energy with which he noted every proceeding of the Senate, and by the brilliancy of an eye which seemed to have drunk up the vitality from the rest of his attenuated frame. When he rose to speak, the Senate was silent. The little noise of business which sometimes rustles the quiet even of that staid body was hushed, and senators sat waiting the words of the southern oracle. Never was a Delphic priest more oracular. His jagged sentences were short,

concise, almost mysterious in their solidity. As he warmed with his subject, his thin sombre-clad frame rose to its utmost height; and, with an eye fired to intensest heat, but fixed ever on one spot on the floor of the chamber, and with a hand nervously jerking in unison with his speech from an elbow pinned to his body, the champion of the divine right of slavery piled syllogism on syllogism with a rapidity that set at defiance the capacities of even the most practised listener, and sat down at the close, leaving his audience bewildered by the subtlety of his metaphysics, and overwhelmed by the concise force of his logic. In his social intercourse this remarkable man was one of the most fascinating persons we have ever met. Easy, fluent in conversation, wonderfully intelligent and enchanting on any subject he touched, considerate towards others, kind and attentive towards young men, he exercised a personal influence such as, we have been told, no other man enjoyed in America, except his great rival, Mr. Clay—an influence the more pernicious, as his doctrines in regard to slavery were opposed to all just ideas of human liberty, and as his views upon the American Union, if carried out, would involve that happy land in the horrors of civil war.

Mr. Calhoun had not long passed away before he was followed by his great antagonist, Mr. Clay, who lived, however, long enough to see the end of that terrible contest which the genius of his adversary had excited, and the triumphant assertion of the doctrines of nationality of which he himself was, in his life, the great embodiment. The name of this extraordinary man was better known in Europe than that of any other American statesman, except Mr. Webster; but the notices which filled the English press upon his death showed that his character was not appreciated. The vital idea of his political creed was the nationality of his country. When his young mind gathered its early and most vivid impressions, those first ideas which sink into the human heart as deep as its ineradicable instincts, the United States were just at the close of that long war with this country, which left them, with independence, traditions of oppression and of hate. And when, a young man, he entered upon the duties of life, he again found them involved in another contest with the old traditions yet unextinguished. The great political lesson he drew from such sources was an ardent love of country, a love which rose to a controlling principle, and compelled his devotion in every emergency. Hence he became a Protectionist, to establish the peaceful arts in that loved country, to quicken its industry, to elevate its population, and to make it independent of the world. Hence, when the maintenance of high protective duties threatened the existence of the Union, he abandoned for the time his favorite policy, and projected, and carried, a compromise measure, which restored peace to the nation, and enabled it to adjust its financial policy when the excitement had passed away. Hence he was ever an advocate for prospective emancipation of the slaves within his own state; hence, too, no one was more jealous than he of the interference of the agitators of the North in those domestic questions which the national constitution had left to be settled by the South. And, hence, he was found the most zealous advocate of the new Compromise Bill, which he believed (we think, incorrectly) would forever settle these vexed questions.

From his readiness to make compromises, his statesmanship has been doubted here—doubted most unjustly; for, what is all important legislation but a compromise, where extreme views are sacrificed to a moderate mean? To abandon a part of one's principles in the face of an adverse majority, for the sake of carrying the remainder, shows quite as strong a devotion to them as the abandonment of the whole under the same circumstances. And yet eminent statesmen have been much lauded for the latter course by the journals loudest in their condemnation of the American man of compromise.

The winning ways of Mr. Clay have been so often made the theme of praise by his countrymen, that Englishmen have become familiar with the story of his fascinations. His tall, lean form; his homely features, so full of infinitely varied expression, that no hand, not even that of the sun itself, could give its true spirit; his mild, energetic eye, full of liquid fire when he was roused; his sandy hair, carelessly pushed away from his noble forehead; his big, ungainly mouth, opening to emit the most silvery pathos that ever rolled on mortal ear; his negligent dress, with his cravat tied always askew, and a coat that *would* hang off the back; his constant companion, the snuff-box—are all vividly stamped in the memory of any one who ever saw him in the Senate. With what indescribable grace and ease he moved among his brother senators! With what a winning kindness of manner he greeted the stranger, no matter how humble! With what a lordly imperiousness he domineered over an antagonist! When it was known that he was to speak, the Senate chamber was filled with the beauty and fashion of Washington; for, like all men of generous warmth, he was adored by the sex, who delighted, sometimes almost too literally, to hang upon his lips. The orations he was used to pronounce on such occasions will probably die away and be forgotten. They were not filled with that philosophic spirit which could alone prevent their sinking with the subjects they concerned, and float them down the stream of time. Their charm was in the irresistible manner of the man, in the sweet and touching tones of his voice, in the exquisite grace of his manner, in the conviction which they carried to the listener that they were the generous outpourings from the deepest recesses of the heart of a true man—a conviction which lifted him above the regions of criticism into the atmosphere of faith. Idlers and roués, women of fashion and dandies, as well as senators and politicians, listened to his every word. Their dull blood paid a noble tribute to the better sentiments of our race, by bounding more quickly through their veins at his touch. Let us not be understood as saying that Mr. Clay's speeches were mere oratorical displays; they were much more—they were well-arranged treatises on the various subjects to which they related, but nothing beyond. The inspiration which charmed was in the orator, in the bold statesman bringing forward his great measures (for Mr. Clay originated more measures than any other man of his time in America), or in the dreadful foe, pushing his antagonist at every point. From all these causes he exercised as great an influence as any orator of his times. Thousands loved him who had never seen him; tens of thousands of strangers mourned a personal friend when he died. His boldness and energy animated everything he touched; and long after his speeches are forgotten the student will read

the traces of the public career of Henry Clay in the legislation of half a century.

The death of Mr. Clay left Mr. Webster the undisputed great man of his country.* For more than forty years they had been together in the front ranks of the public service. They began opposed to each other, but the best part of their lives was spent contending for the lead of the conservative party. Coming from a new state of the west, Mr. Clay began his congressional career by leading the support of the democratic party to the administration of Mr. Madison, was an advocate of the war of 1812, and was one of the agents selected to negotiate the peace. Mr. Webster, on the other hand, represented the more peaceful views of commercial New England, and began his public life in opposition, as a federalist. Peace brought with it a dissolution of existing parties. The feeble administration of Mr. Monroe, during most of which Mr. Webster was not in Congress, was occupied with the birth and development of new and great questions, and closed with a bitter contest for the presidency. The present division of parties dates from the administration of Mr. John Quincy Adams, of which Mr. Clay was the first adviser in the cabinet, and Mr. Webster the chief supporter in Congress. When General Jackson was elected to the presidency, they both went into opposition, and until Mr. Clay died, a few months since, continued to divide the affections of the whig party.

In personal appearance, in character, in style, in nearly everything, Mr. Webster is the opposite of what his great rival was. All who saw him in England some years ago were struck with the intellectual appearance which has won for him the epithet of "godlike," in the somewhat exaggerating vernacular of America. He is tall and portly, with a large frame, and the solid carriage of an Englishman. His dark features—so dark as to be almost swarthy in some lights—are chiselled, notwithstanding their almost colossal proportions, with all the delicacy of Grecian art. His thin rigid lip lies firmly closed when his face is in repose, his large, dark, brilliant eyes are overhung and almost entombed by a noble forehead, which rises high and broad over his face, and stamps him instantly to the beholder as a very remarkable man. The only person we remember to have seen at all resembling him is General Radowitz, of Prussia, who, without his moustache, and with a little more and darker hair, would pass very well for a twin brother of the great American senator.

Mr. Webster has had the unusual fortune to place himself not only in the front rank, but before every one in his country as an orator, at the bar, in the Senate, before popular assemblies, and on literary occasions. As he has lately published a revised and complete edition of his speeches, under the editorship of another American orator and statesman, favorably known in this country, Mr. Edward Everett, we are able to give one or two extracts to justify our opinion of his merits.

* This article was written two months since, but its publication unavoidably delayed. The melancholy death of Mr. Webster has taken place in the interim. The profound sensation with which it has been received in America attests the estimation in which he was held by those who knew him best; and the eulogiums it has produced go far beyond the measure of praise we have bestowed. America has lost her greatest man, and the world one of its statesmen, at a time when conservative men cannot be spared in the west.

His style, both of manner and matter, is eminently characteristic of the part of the country he has represented in Congress all his life. He is always cool, clear, and well arranged; intelligible beyond a possibility of misapprehension; never warm in his exordiums, sometimes rising into true poetry in his perorations; delivering himself with straightforward ease and without theatrical display; and aiming rather at convincing the reason than at carrying the imagination by storm. Hence there are few, perhaps none, of his efforts that had the immediate effect of the more fervid orations of Mr. Clay; there are none that will not live and be read long after Mr. Clay is remembered as an orator only by popular tradition. They are spoken in a concise, pure English, such as is used by no other orator of the present day; they are always limited to the matter immediately before him, on which they are complete and exhausting. There is a constant tendency to philosophic generalization and deduction which reminds us very much of Burke, whom Mr. Webster seems to have studied, and often also of Bacon. There is scarcely a paragraph in the six volumes which does not contain some general truth, elucidated often in the most casual manner from the statement with which he is more directly concerned. There is no lack either of fancy or imagination, though the former is more to be met with than the latter, always tempered by good taste into exceeding delicacy. With all this the speeches are *thoroughly* done, and the most is said for his side of the case, whether in law or politics.

These six volumes of Mr. Webster's works form the most important contribution to the political literature of America, since the writings of the framers of the Constitution—perhaps it is not too much to say the most important contributions ever made. They will be hereafter an essential manual and text-book to the foreigner desiring to comprehend that complicated system of polity, and the questions which have arisen in its workings. While they are as peculiarly American as anything that ever fell from Mr. Clay's lips, their philosophic tone lifts them above the horizon of the nation for the study of the world. It is impossible, from such a mass of matter, to make any single, or, indeed, any half-dozen selections which will do justice to a criticism. But, as we are sketchers rather than critics, we shall content ourselves with two short extracts, neither of them among the more eloquent or admired passages of the orator, one as exhibiting his extraordinarily concise and picturesque mode of stating an argument, the other as showing the tendency to philosophic generalization of which we have spoken.

A drier subject than the Sub-treasury Bill could hardly be imagined. The question before the Senate was what should be done with the public moneys while in the treasury—whether they should be deposited in banks, to increase the capital of the country, or whether they should be removed from circulation, and locked up in charge of officers to be appointed for that purpose, to await the wants of the government. In the course of a remarkable speech on the subject, Mr. Webster drew the following fine picture of the difference between the social systems of America and Europe, which we commend to all for its force and its truth:—

In the old countries of Europe there is a clear and well-defined line between capital and labor; a line

which strikes through society with a horizontal sweep, leaving, on one side, wealth, in masses, holden by few hands, and those having little position in the laborious pursuits of life; and, on the other, the thronging multitudes of labor, with here and there only an instance of such accumulations of earnings as to deserve the name of capital. This distinction, indeed, is not universal and absolute in any of the commercial states of Europe, and it grows less and less definite as commerce advances; the effect of commerce and manufactures, as all history shows, being everywhere to diffuse wealth, and not to aid its accumulation in few hands. But still the line is greatly more broad, marked, and visible in European nations than in the United States. In those nations, the gains of capital and wages, or the earnings of labor, are not only distinct in idea, as elements of the science of political economy, but, to a great degree, distinct, also, in fact; and their respective claims and merits, and modes of relative adjustment, become subjects of discussion and of public regulation. Everybody may see that this is a state of things which does not exist with us. We have no such visible and broad distinction between capital and labor; and much of the general happiness of all classes results from this. With us labor is every day augmenting its means by its own industry; not in all cases, indeed, but in very many. Its savings of yesterday, therefore, become its capital of to-day. On the other hand, vastly the greater part of the property of the country exists in such small portions, that its holders cannot dispense altogether with their own personal industry. If, in some instances, capital be accumulated to what may be called affluence, it is usually disintegrated and broken into particles again, in one or two generations. The abolition of the rights of primogeniture; the descent of property of every sort to females as well as males; the cheap and easy means by which property is transferred and conveyed; the high price of labor, the low price of land; the genius of our political institutions; in fine, everything belonging to us counteracts large accumulation. This is our actual system. Our politics, our constitutions, our elementary laws, our habits, all centre in this point, or tend to this result. From where I now stand to the extreme north-east, vastly the greater part of the property of the country is in the hands and ownership of those whose personal industry is employed in some form of productive labor. General competence, general education, enterprise, activity, and industry, such as never before pervaded any society, are the characteristics which distinguish the people who live and move and act in this state of things such as I have described it.

Our second extract is from the speech on the presidential protest, delivered in the Senate in 1837. During the presidency of General Jackson, a bitter quarrel sprang up between him and the Senate, growing out of his violent removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States. This act received the formal censure of the Senate, to which the president replied by a protest. This caused in its turn the debate of which the speech we make a short extract from formed a part. The reader will see at once that such a controversy between the executive and a branch of the legislature, involved the whole subject of constitutional government, and the limits of constitutional power, and afforded the orator an opportunity of trains of thought far deeper than the immediate question at issue. How Mr. Webster used the opportunity will be seen by the following passage:—

The first object of a free people is the preservation of their liberty; and liberty is only to be preserved by maintaining constitutional restraints and just divisions of political power. Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to

simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and many qualified rights. In other words, they must be subject to rule and regulation. This is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition, and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose go along with it. Neither does it satisfy itself with flashy and temporary resistance to illegal authority. Far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. It looks before and after; and building on the experience of ages which are past, it labors diligently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is *our* liberty, if we will rightly understand and preserve it. Every free government is necessarily complicated, because all such governments establish restraints, as well on the power of government itself, as on that of individuals. If we will abolish the distinction of branches and have but one branch; if we will abolish jury trials and leave all to the judge; if we will then ordain that the legislator shall himself be that judge; and if we will place the executive power in the same hands, we may readily simplify government. We may easily bring it to the simplest of all possible forms, a pure despotism.

Notwithstanding the length of this quotation, we cannot leave this speech without adding the highly poetic description it contains of England, as "a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

We have lingered so long in the Senate chamber that we have little time left for the more irregular debates of the other house. We leave with regret. We could have wished for a few words for Benton, the veteran statesman from the west of the Mississippi, richer in political experience than any living American but Webster; richer even than he in his accumulation of facts bearing upon the interests of his country. The political position of Cass, as the leader of the democratic party, the statesmanship and fame of Seward, the reputation left in the Senate by Buchanan, the manly eloquence of Crittenden, the integrity which has earned for Davis the name of "Honest," the intense native vigor of Corwin the "wagon-boy," and the acute intelligence, ripe scholarship, poetic fancy, wonderful fluency, and impassioned energy which gained for Choate the admiration of the Senate during his brief career, deserve more than this omnibus notice. But we must hasten away from all this to the House of Representatives, and can linger but a moment even there.

One who has gathered his ideas of that body from the racy dashes of the *New York Herald*, served up with the piquant sauce of the *Times*, would be disappointed on seeing it. Instead of a

collection of rude men for the rather rude performance of public business, in a place congenial both to the men and the business, he finds himself in a hall of exceeding beauty, with only one failing, and that perhaps of not much consequence, that nobody can hear what anybody else says. Polished marble columns, vying in beauty with the verd antiques of Italy, support a dome of glass, through which the chastened light falls below. The seats of the members, rather less than two hundred and fifty, are ranged in the form of an amphitheatre around the speaker's chair, each with a mahogany table before it, and with the inseparable spittoon. In the gallery which runs around the hall behind the colonnade, he will observe here and there a lady, perhaps a companion with her, though that is not essential, and likewise a few visitors on the floor below. If an uninteresting person is speaking for home consumption, and the chances are that it will be so, he will see the few members present writing at their desks, or reading the morning papers, which are supplied to them in the House by the government, or carelessly lounging in the aisles chatting with each other. All are uncovered; otherwise there is quite as little order as in the House of Commons during a speech of Mr. ——. The fingers of the clock point to the end of the hour for which the orator is privileged to prose, the hammer of Mr. Speaker falls relentlessly in the middle of a sentence, and the unexploded eloquence must be bottled up till the publication of the whole in pamphlet form, to show the constituents at home that their representative has not been idle. A favorite of the House next rises and catches the eye of the Speaker. We will suppose (we speak of a few years since, when we saw the Congress), we will suppose it to be the member from Boston, young in years but ripe in political knowledge and the science of polity. He already commands, by his eloquence and his integrity, a lead in the House which he is destined the next session, when the conservative party shall be in the majority, to preside over as Speaker. "Mr. Winthrop" is announced. The few members in the chamber take seats about him; those in the lobbies come in, and the ladies from the library take possession of the gallery. The orator is a spare man, with a pale, intellectual face, and the bearing of high breeding which marks the New England gentleman. The chief representative of a family which traces its descent through successive generations of honorable public service in America to a distinguished connexion in the mother country before the settlement of the colony, he has raised its reputation to a yet higher point by his brilliant career. From presiding over the popular branch of the legislature of Massachusetts, he was transferred by the constituency of Boston to Washington, where, as we have already said, he was, on the accession of his party to power, made Speaker of the popular branch. He proved himself so able a statesman in these responsible situations, that he was selected as the successor of Mr. Webster in the Senate, when that gentleman became foreign minister. But the radicals coming into power, he was soon displaced in favor of a gentleman much esteemed in England as an agreeable companion, but known in America more as a professor of philanthropy than as a statesman, Mr. Charles Sumner.

He begins in measured tones, and with a quiet manner, stating his propositions broadly and dis-

tinctly; as he proceeds he warms into more life and grace. The illustrations from classic and English literature, which fall from him almost unconsciously, attest his scholarship; his chaste language bears witness to his taste, and his comprehensive views are evidence of his statesmanship. We detect at once influences of Mr. Webster, who may have been the Gamaliel of his youth, in the gentlemanlike dignity and the philosophic tone. There is not the same power, not the same metallic solidity, not the same impressive eloquence (who could expect them from another?), but we find the germs of all, well cultivated and developed. We observe, too, an upright bearing, a nice sense of honor, and an adherence to principle, without which a statesman is the more a curse to his country the more shining are his qualities. And we do not wonder as he sits down at the influence which these qualities have gained him in the House, creditable alike to him and to it; nor are we surprised at his success as we trace his subsequent career.

The views of so rising a statesman with reference to this country are not uninteresting. Since his retirement from the Senate he has published his various speeches in a handsome volume—a practice not uncommon in America, and commending itself to politicians who are not afraid to have the record made up in their life. We make a short extract from a speech on Oregon in the House of Representatives:—

I intend no disrespect to any gentleman who hears me; but as I have listened to the heroic strains that have resounded through this hall for some days past, in reference to the facility with which we could muster our fleets in the Pacific, and march our armies over the Rocky Mountains, and whip Great Britain into a willingness to abandon her pretensions to Oregon, I have wished that some Philip Faulconbridge were here to reply, as he does in Shakspeare's *King John*, to some swaggering citizen of Angiers:

— Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas!
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs!
He speaks plain cannon, fire and smoke, and bounce.

And against whom are all these gasconading bravadoes indulged? What nation has been thus bethumped and bastinadoed with brave words? I have no compliments to bestow on Great Britain, and am not here as her apologist or defender. But this at least I can say, without fear of imputation or impugment, that, of all the nations in the world, she is that nation which is able to do us the most good in peace, and the most harm in war. She is that nation with whom the best interests of our country demand of us to go along harmoniously, so long as we can do so without a sacrifice of unquestioned right and honor. She is that nation, a belligerent conflict with whom would put back the cause of human civilization and improvement more than it has advanced in half a century past, or would recover in half a century to come. Peace between Great Britain and the United States is not a mere interest of the two countries. It is an interest of the world, of civilization, of humanity; and a fearful reckoning will be theirs who shall wantonly disturb it. In this view, Mr. Chairman, I cannot help deploring the principle of hatred towards England which seems to have been recently inscribed by not a few of our public men as the first article of their political creed.

One of the most interesting men in the House at the time of which we speak was Mr. Adams, a venerable man of eighty years, who had passed

near seventy of them in the public service. He began as secretary of legation in a mission to Europe, of which his father, then the head in council of the revolutionary party was the chief. He was successively representative, senator, minister to England, commissioner to negotiate a peace at Ghent, foreign minister, and president—and when we knew Washington had again returned to the lower house. It was never our good fortune to hear him speak, though we used frequently to see him. Among his countrymen he was everywhere known as the "old man eloquent." He was an old man, with a large bald head, tremulous with age, and an eye full of fire. When he spoke, we have been told that members gathered about him and actually sat under him, lest a word of his wisdom or his passion, as his mood might be, should escape them. He was a man of immense learning, as well as most varied political experience, and his memory is deservedly held in high esteem in America.

The present representative of the United States in England was also at one time a leading member of the conservative party in Congress, as his brother, Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll, was of the democratic party. And the late estimable American minister, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, was also at one time a very prominent member of Congress from Boston—the predecessor of Mr. Winthrop we believe—but that was before we were there.

It would be useless to catalogue the names of other members, of more or less influence or standing at home, but unknown in Europe. The Congress is unfortunately not made up entirely of such men as we have endeavored to picture. In a large country like the United States, with a scattered and diversified population, some men of coarse speech and rough ways will find their way to the National Assembly. The House of Commons has had its Fergus O'Connor, not to name others; and who could expect that in a body which includes with the representatives from the polished cities of the Atlantic, those from the mines of California, the shores of the great Salt Lake and the whole frontier of civilization, there would be none of the elements that make up life in those places? But the better class are in the ascendancy in numbers, and greatly so in opinion and influence. And though occasionally scenes such as those we sometimes see in the *Times* make the Englishman laugh and the American blush, in the main the business is well managed, the legislation bears marks of care, and the work of Congress, acts and speeches, shows evidence of elevated statesmanship.

From the Examiner.

HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

A book about Homes at this time of year has a claim to be called seasonable which none will call in question, nor should the talk about them be less welcome because the Atlantic stretches between the homes described and our own. Exports and imports are not such precious interchanges as the friendly greetings that now cordially pass each week between men of the same speech and lineage, and we have a hearty welcome, as is fitting, for whatever brings them nearer and closer to us. Seventeen *Homes of American Authors* are selected in the book before us, sufficient being kept in reserve for a second volume; and we are glad to quote a few lines from the preface in proof of the right

feeling displayed in it. "Although there are no Abbotsfords, which have been reared from the earnings of the pen, among our authors' homes, yet we feel a degree of pride in showing our countrymen how comfortably housed many of their favorite authors are, in spite of the imputed neglect with which native talent has been treated. Authorship in America, notwithstanding the want of an international copyright which has been so sorely felt by literary laborers, has at last become a profession which men may live by." Right glad are we to hear it—and that no Grub-street garrets have been interposed before that desirable consummation. To judge by the goodly, the quaint, the rich or the fanciful, but in every form the comfortable-looking mansions here depicted, the authorial profession in America would seem to have sprung up at once, full arm'd and provision'd, as the very goddess of wisdom herself did; and many a struggling critic and poet among ourselves, we doubt not, will look wistfully at these latticed, terraced, trellised, wood-embowered, classical retreats, that look equally comely and cosy whether in city, or on river banks, or bordered by lakes, or neighbored by forests, and that sometimes (as in Mr. Everett's case) flower into a noble and pictured library, looking for all the world like some lettered retreat in one of our ancient colleges. May all such increase and multiply, say we! "American authors," a sentence in one of the memoirs tells us, "like all other Americans, have the faculty of earning their own living, and, when they fail to do it by authorship, are not too dull to accomplish it in some other way." Without stopping to inquire how far the other way has to do with it in several of the cases before us, but heartily wishing them success in all ways—let us add the names of the apparently happy and well-to-do seventeen celebrated in the volume. They are (we copy the order of the memoir) Audubon, Paulding, Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Dana, Prescott, Sedgwick, Cooper (since dead), Everett, Emerson, Simms, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Webster (since dead), Kennedy, and Lowell. The illustrations, half of them on steel and half on wood, are neatly executed, comprising four portraits as well as views of houses and interiors; and the autographs, which must have been furnished by the authors themselves, are of sufficient extent to be really characteristic evidence of each man's manner of writing, sometimes of his habits of composition. The literary notices also, being for the most part in the nature of memoirs, are pleasingly done.

From the National Intelligencer.

SONNET TO HIRAM POWERS.

FROM JOHN Q. ADAMS, AFTER THE FORMER HAD MOULDED HIS BUST, AT WASHINGTON.

SCULPTOR! thy hand hath moulded into form
The haggard features of a time-worn face;
And whosoever views thy work, shall trace
An age of sorrow and a life of storm!
And canst thou mould the heart? for that is warm,
Glowing with tenderness for all its race;
Instinct with all the sympathies that grace
Those pure and artless bosoms where they swarm!
Artist! may Fortune smile upon thy hand!
Go forth, and rival Greece's art sublime!
Return—and bid the statesmen of thy land
Live in thy marble through all after time!
Oh, snatch from Heaven the fire Prometheus stole,
And give the sculptured block a living soul!

From the Westminster Review.

MARY TUDOR.

England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the contemporary History of Europe; illustrated in a Series of Original Letters, never before printed. By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER. London: 1839.

If persecution was necessary to give stability to the reformed Church of England, it was no more than retributive justice that the instrument of it should have been the daughter of Catherine of Arragon. The wrongs of that lady were so widely felt, and the Reformation, ill able as it was to afford so far to compromise itself, was so deeply implicated in the history of them, that nothing less than the long list of the Marian victims was sufficient for their expiation; and we may congratulate ourselves that the education and early life of Queen Mary had left her with no other qualities than what were necessary for the part thus assigned to her, or Cranmer's prayer-book and Articles might have perished with himself; the Church of England, like the Church of France, might have risen out of the confusion of the sixteenth century, a moderate Catholicism; and the course of all European history had been different. According to the loose notions generally prevalent, the fluctuations of belief under the Tudors are to be explained by the variation of opinion in the successive princes, whose dominion is supposed to have been absolute over the souls if not the bodies of their subjects. But no prince of the Tudor, or any other dynasty in England, has been able to do more than incline the scale between parties equally balanced; and so large a majority of the English people went along with the return to Catholicism, the will of the country was so repeatedly and distinctly pronounced for it, that we must look elsewhere for the explanation of a revolution so remarkable. Incomprehensible as it may seem, it would have been far more easy for Mary to have recovered for the old faith the ground which it had lost, and renewed—at any rate for a period—the lease of its endurance, than it afterwards proved for Elizabeth conclusively to establish the Reformation.

The whole story is so curious, and illustrates, in so remarkable a degree, the danger to which the English may expose themselves by their distaste for speculative change, that it is worth while to examine the nature of the influences which were then at work among them, as closely as the limits of our present essay will permit us.

English Protestantism, in the form of resistance to papal and ecclesiastical encroachment, is as old as the Norman kings; in the Mortmain Act, and the apparently extravagant provisions of the Præmunire Statute, we perceive the same spirit growing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and although the splendid victories of Henry the Fifth in France gave temporary success to the more papal policy of the Lancasters, and enabled the Church partially to recover its position, yet the body of the nation went along willingly with Henry the Eighth in following out the traditional English policy to its national issue, and wiping utterly out the last traces of the authority of the Pope throughout the country. It was a measure as welcome to the clergy as to the laity; for the former were delivered from the intolerable burden of first-fruits, and had no reason to foresee any other consequences; and the latter had always

resented the pretensions of an Italian priest to nominate to English offices of so much political importance as the great abbeys and the bishoprics. The suppression of the monasteries, though less popular at the moment, yet was also felt by most serious persons, of whatever creed, to be imperatively called for. The grosser moral disorders have been probably over-estimated by Protestant controversialists, and the rare exceptions too lightly assumed to be the rule. But the evidence which came out on the visitation of them in 1532, singularly resembling, as it does, that lately given in reply to the circulars of the Oxford Commissioners, revealed a systematic breach of vows, non-observance of statutes, and misapplication of funds, which, after exposure, could be neither defended nor tolerated; while the large discovery of sham miracles, sham relics, winking Virgins, and bowing roods, by which the pockets of believers were relieved of their superfluous contents, very properly and naturally aggravated the general irritation. The establishments themselves, under the best interpretation of the mode in which they were conducted, had long been of doubtful value. Wolsey, assuredly no enemy of the Catholic Church, had set the example of appropriating their revenues to more useful purposes; and it was supposed and expected, when Henry finally broke them up, that he would go on with Wolsey's schemes, and endow large national foundations for education and charity.

The sole duty of the monks for some time past had been confined to chanting poor souls out of Purgatory; and the monastic theory of Purgatory had become suspicious when it was represented as a place from which there was a legal deliverance through private masses, at per dozen. The deliverance was considered too problematic to be worth the cost; and although the king himself, on the chance that there might possibly be something in it, provided in his last will that six hundred such masses should be said for himself, yet he did not hesitate to deprive his subjects of an advantage which they had no reluctance to lose, if they might exchange it for others of a kind more definite and palpable. Nevertheless, all this implied very little advance in the direction of a reformation of doctrine, as the Protestants understood it. The poor Lollards went to the stake as usual; and Cromwell when he ventured upon leniency towards them, went to the scaffold. The movement on the continent was ruined in the eyes of the sober English by the Anabaptist exiles, who had, many of them, belonged to John of Leyden's congregation, at Munster; and the language in which they and the foreign Reformation were spoken of, might seem, with the change of a few words, to express the feelings with which sober-minded people now regard the liberals of Germany and France. The exceedingly profligate doctrines attributed to the Anabaptists existed (as in the modern parallel) rather in the terrors of the orthodox than in the poor misbelievers themselves; but there is no doubt that they were a questionable set of fanatics, whose theories were impracticable, if not worthless, and they unhappily conceived themselves to be at liberty to propagate them with the sword of the flesh as well as of the spirit. Thus the dislike in England to speculative change became almost more decided in proportion to the natural expectation that such a change was likely to take place. Masses might be suspected as patent instruments of making money; but it

did not follow that the Sacrifice of the Mass should be called in question. Transubstantiation remained an article of faith with all educated persons; and Cranmer, and even Latimer, only ceased to believe it when the death of Henry opened their minds to conviction. Though the scholastic doctrine of Purgatory was overthrown, yet men were still unable to face the appalling alternative, that all who leave their bodies unfit for heaven must remain in hell forever. Other doctrines of Purgatory might continue to be believed, though the scholastic passed away; and if the monk's masses were no longer thought of any value, yet the saint, whose glorified figure lived in light in the chapel window, still remained to make prevailing intercession. For the marriage of the clergy, the distaste which was long felt for it may be seen in the ecclesiastical titles which survive to the present day as the surnames of families, and which were cast opprobriously on those first "monks," "clerks," "abbots," "priors," "deacons," "arch-deacons," and "bishops," who broke their vows, and begot children; and the statute of the Six Articles, cruel as it may seem to be, was no more than the deliberate expression of the English feeling on all these subjects. The executions which took place under it were regarded by the body of the nation as the legitimate penalties of damnable and soul-destroying heterodoxy.

The intention of Henry the Eighth was to sever the English branch of the Catholic Church from the Roman stem, and to graft it on the life of the nation; perhaps accepting the literal analogy of this metaphor, at any rate expecting it to teach the same doctrine, and enforce the same discipline, unaltered either of them in any essential point, as it had taught and enforced before. The supreme authority in it, which had belonged to the Pope, was to be transferred to the king, and that was all the change. The infallibility, he expected, went along with the position, and the very idea never probably occurred to him, that a heretic might succeed him on the throne. Whether the branch thus severed—severed after it had been attached for a thousand years to its parent tree—would continue to live and thrive, was a problem which only experiment could resolve. He himself, however, never had a misgiving about it; and his security, shared in, as it was, by the nation generally, had at least the countenance of one man of high ability, Bishop Gardiner. This remarkable minister was, for twenty years, his ablest assistant in the Reformation; and in nominating him at his death among the guardians of his son, Henry expected that, as a matter of course, he would fill the same position, and exercise the same authority, as he had done under himself.

Henry, however, lived long enough to discredit both himself and his work. The spoils of the monasteries, instead of going to found colleges and hospitals, had been squandered in extravagances, or divided among a good-for-nothing aristocracy. It was hard to believe in the infallibility of a man who succeeded so ill in his domestic relations, and who mixed brass with the current silver, when he wanted money. His Church theory had begun to shake, even while he lived. He was no sooner dead than it fell to ruins. Gardiner himself would have been perplexed to discover where the supreme headship resided, with a council composed of such elements as that of Edward the Sixth. The fear which had previously compelled the various members of it to pretend uniformity, was

no sooner gone than it was found to be composed of factions in which his voice, at least, would have little chance of being heard. Cranmer had been long married, and hastened to throw off a concealment which had become intolerable. The majority in the council were the noblemen who had already shared largely in the Church plunder, who, being anxious for a further slice of spoil so tempting, were disposed to favor whatever doctrine would most readily gratify them; and the majority, with the *Præmunire* Statute in their hands, could silence any opposition from the bishop and clergy. Before the king had been a week dead, Gardiner found himself without power; within a year he was in the Tower, and the Catholic ritual was gone.

The Lords of the Council, to secure the Church lands and to get more, and the reforming bishops, from real conviction, flung themselves into the track of the Germans; the more the body of the people complained, the more it became necessary to secure the attachment of the extreme Protestants; and the reign of Edward the Sixth presents the unedifying spectacle of a spiritual anarchy deepening day by day; the supreme authority in the hands of a clique of profligate nobles, quarrelling over their plunder, and destroying one another; and each faction, as it rose to power, buying adherents by fresh and fresh spoliation. First, the lands went, and when there were no more lands the tithes went, to be appropriated by some noble lord or noble lord's dependent. Cranmer's liturgy, too, venerable and beautiful as it may now seem at the end of three hundred years, was but a bald exchange for the old ceremonial. Composed in the warmth of his own conversion, it contained expressions which outraged the belief of far the greater number of the people (the obnoxious passages were afterwards struck out by Elizabeth), and yet the use of it was made everywhere obligatory. The priests who objected were turned out of their benefices; and because there were no educated men to be found who would, or who could, take their place, the income was seized upon by some hungry squire, and the parish was either left unsupplied, or some poor tradesman or mechanic was thrust upon the place at the lowest conceivable salary.

We can well understand that measures such as these should have been considered too serious to have been undertaken in a minority, and should have caused sufficient dissatisfaction. After changes too, of so grave a kind, there was naturally with many people a certain earnest looking for of judgment, an expectation that, in some way or other, God would show whether He was pleased with them; and several years of unusual suffering were construed into an expression of His anger. Short harvests brought more than their usual consequences; for the currency had been still further debased; and wages remaining at their old level, with the necessities of life at famine price, there was no longer distress, but positive starvation. We can fancy with what feelings, therefore, at such a time, the poor, hungry peasants must have gazed at the walls of the desolated abbeys, all the sins of them forgotten, and only the open table and the warm hearth remembered. Hard landlords at least the monks had never been; and if charity had grown cool with them, cool charity was better than none at all. The silent eloquence of the ruins found a voice too in the unhappy remnants of their old possessors, who wandered, like wretched ghosts, about their wasted homes; ten thousand

of them, friars and nuns, turned adrift to beg or die, only by a refinement of cruelty with their vows of chastity continued upon them under penalty of death. Cromwell had assigned them pensions, which Henry had guaranteed; but the world is a hard place for those who have no means to force their claims. While Henry lived, they were perhaps paid; but in the after reigns, "through the greediness of the officers of the exchequer," their poor pittances never found a way to them; and it was left for Elizabeth to do tardy justice to such few as were alive when she became queen. She indeed had them all sought out, and paid to the last farthing, but years too miserable to be thought of must have intervened; and the sight of them, shivering along the roads and villages, in raggedness and hunger, must have been a bitter and telling protest against the iniquity of the times.

To leave conjecture for fact, we have Lord Paget's evidence that the new Prayer Book was distasteful to eleven twelfths of the population. The number is perhaps exaggerated, and in these eleven twelfths there was a considerable fraction for whom it was not too little popish, but too much so. It was determined, at all hazards, to conciliate the latter, and perhaps it was necessary to do so; but it was at the cost of alienating the middle party more hopelessly than ever. The victories of Charles the Fifth naturally were regarded as a signal declaration from Heaven against the doctrinal reformers; and a worse effect of them was to increase the multitudes of Dutch and German fanatics, with whom England was already overrun. The presence of such men at all was sufficiently offensive; and when their leaders were placed in authority at the universities, when Martin Bucer and Peter Martyr were consulted on the services and the Articles, the majority of the English felt much as they would now feel if Louis Blanc were invited to a council of state, or a modern project of church reform submitted to Feuerbach or Ronge. The Reformation was so rapidly discrediting itself, that if Edward had not died, and the policy of the government had remained unchanged, the same rebellions, supported by the same coalition from abroad, which were so formidable to Elizabeth, would in all probability have broken out irresistibly against him, and swept away the very name of Protestant out of the country. But it became evident that there would be no need of any such violent measures. In the spring of 1553, the health of the young king rapidly declined; in the middle of the summer he was on his death-bed. It is the misfortune of all great movements, political and spiritual, that if men of the very highest character are to be found on their side, they have attractions not to be resisted for the most worthless. A man of this latter sort was unhappily supreme in the council, and was able to inflict one more stain on the Reformation by implicating it in treason. John Knox had long before seen through the fanaticism of the dying boy, and induce him to tamper with the succession. As a party measure, nothing could have been more infatuated. Extraordinary powers had been granted to Henry the Eighth by Parliament on purpose that the succession should be decisively settled; the wars of the Roses had been too severe a lesson of the consequences of a

dispute to require repeating; and since, in consequence of his proceedings with his wives, it was difficult to define which among his children were or were not legitimate, he was empowered to determine by will the order in which they were to succeed him. It was not likely that a measure so gravely considered could be set aside by a private nobleman, of questionable character, for his own personal advantage. The few really good men who were in the council, foreseeing the inevitable consequences, implored the king, at the risk of their lives, to abstain from committing both himself and them so fearfully; and although their entreaties were ineffectual, and they themselves, at Edward's order, subscribed the instrument which nominated Lady Jane Grey as queen, yet Northumberland knew well that even by such an act as this, neither Sir William Cecil, nor Sir William Petre, nor Lord Arundel, nor Lord Pembroke, nor Lord Paget, was committed to an approval of the proceeding. They had agreed among themselves, as it appears, to sign their names, but only as witnesses; and Northumberland's after conduct proves that it was no secret even from him.

All was over in nine days. London the strong hold of Protestantism—declared enthusiastically for Mary. The fleet went over; the troops which Northumberland attempted to gather in the eastern counties deserted in a body. The conspiracy was crushed without a blow, and the duke himself was arrested at Cambridge by Lord Arundel, whom he had left in London. The following conversation is said to have passed between them:—

"For the love of God consider," the duke said. "I have done nothing but with the consent of you, and all the whole council."

"My lord," quoth the Earl of Arundel, "I am sent hither by the queen's majesty, and, in her name, I do arrest you."

"And I obey it," quoth he; "but I beseech you, my lord Arundel, use mercy towards me, knowing the case as it is."

"My lord," quoth the earl, "ye should have sought for mercy sooner; I must do according to my commandment."

If these are the very words which were spoken, they are still but an imperfect evidence of what passed; for words bear many meanings, and we do not know the tone in which they were pronounced, but, at any rate, it is impossible to agree with Mr. Tytler, in regarding the scene as one of revolting perfidy. He would have us believe that the council had affected an enthusiastic unanimity, and that, when the failure of the attempt had become evident, it was a race of treachery which should first betray the other. Difficult as it would be, under any circumstances, to believe that four or five statesmen of unblemished character could have stooped to conduct so degrading, it becomes impossible when we remember that Arundel, Petre, Pembroke, and Paget were continued upon the council, and that Cecil was only excluded by his own refusal to serve. If they might have earned a contemptuous pardon by perfidy, they could not have earned confidence; and historians overshoot their mark, when they attempt to explain the obscure actions of men who for any length of time fill important offices of trust and responsibility, by motives to which, in their own basest moments, they could not conceive themselves as yielding. It is certain that the entire council did sign the instrument; it is equally certain that

these five members of it signed only at the express command of the dying king—a command which it might not only have been exceedingly dangerous, but, on quite other grounds, exceedingly difficult to disobey; but the compliance ended with the formal act, and was never believed, by any party concerned, to have extended beyond it.

The conduct of the leading bishops was far more exceptionable. Cranmer was among those who were at first unwilling to subscribe; but he acknowledged that he had yielded at last, not to the king's command, but to the persuasion of the law officers of the crown. Ridley preached against Mary at Paul's Cross, denounced her as an inveterate papist, and appealed to the fanaticism of the people; and although Hooper and Bradford were actively loyal, yet the dominant Anglicanism was identified in public feeling with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, and the party were forced to share in the odium and the guilt of its two great leaders.

And, as we said, as a question of policy, to say nothing of duty, a more wretched blunder has never been made. Mary's entry into London was a triumphant procession; her devotion to catholicism was notorious, but, even with the Protestant Londoners, loyalty was too sincere a passion to be interfered with by theological intolerance, and it was not till she had forfeited their attachment by her own infatuation that they ceased to feel it for her. She sailed in on the full stream of popularity, surrounded with all the prestige, and invested with all the real power, which a triumph over an unpopular conspiracy is certain to confer; and scarcely any English king or queen was ever more warmly welcomed to the throne than this poor princess, who has left such a name behind her. She herself was only known as a harmless, persecuted devotee, the child of a lady whose cruel injuries had enshrined her in the affection of the people, and their only wish was to offer to the daughter such poor compensation as loyalty and obedience could bestow.

Her first actions as queen, though inevitably displeasing to a part of her subjects, were, on the whole, well calculated to sustain her in the advantage which she had gained. Gardiner, whom she found in the Tower, was made chancellor, the council being composed of the national party in the council of the late king, and the leading Catholic nobility. The only symptom which she showed of a disposition to act independently of them or their advice, was in a letter which she wrote to the emperor for instructions as to how she could best proceed; but the emperor's advice coincided with that of her own minister in prescribing the uttermost circumspection. The immediate and pressing question was the late conspiracy, and if she showed any want of judgment at all, it was in the leniency with which she dealt with it. Charles had been taught in the preceding year by Maurice of Saxony that Providence had not irrevocably decided for the Catholics; that Protestantism was still dangerous enough to require to be proceeded with cautiously; and, by his recommendation, the whole affair was treated as a private treason of Northumberland, for which only he and two others, one of them a man of abandoned character, should suffer. Cranmer, Ridley, and the Duke of Suffolk, had undoubtedly forfeited their lives; and no reasonable person could have complained, if she had determined to send them to execution. But Cranmer and Suffolk

were set at liberty without fine or even reproach, and against Ridley, though he was kept in prison, there was no apparent intention of proceeding. Nor is there anything to object to the steps which she took about the religions. Being a Catholic, she will not be found fault with for permitting the open exercise of a form of belief which was not only her own, but that of at least half her subjects; but nothing further was to be attempted till she had taken the advice of Parliament.

The conduct of the Protestants in the two months which elapsed before it assembled, is a most curious evidence of the temper of the time, and of itself is sufficient to explain many things. They had as yet no reason to complain of persecution, but Popery with them was in real truth a doctrine of devils, and it was little to them to be allowed their own religion, if they were to be prevented from trampling out the other. The fierce annals of the Israelites provided them with ample precedents of what was lawful for saints in dealing with idolaters—and the arms of the Reformed Church militant were by no means those of peaceful and mild persuasion. The reverend the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, afterwards bishop and archbishop, preached a seditious sermon, and, when called in question for it, drew his dagger in the senate house, and was only held back by two grave doctors of divinity from doing prompt execution with it. Strange scenes took place in the churches, priests and parsons scuffling for the pulpits, and the conqueror taking possession of the conquered citadel with a flourish of rapier and pistol. One priest of Baal was stabbed at the altar, his blood running over the chalice and mixing with the wine; a dagger was hurled at a second, and a musket fired at a third. Elsewhere, the consecrated wafer was seized by a desperate iconoclast and trampled under foot, as he cried, between his teeth, "If thou be the Son of God, save thyself;" and even the mild Archbishop Cranmer, within a few weeks after the remission of his first treason, composed a declaration, which, although it was in fact made public by accident, he acknowledged that he had intended to have fastened against the door of St. Paul's; wherein, after setting out the virtues of Henry and his son in promoting the Reformation, he ascribed the reappearance of the idol of the Mass to the devil, of course in the form of Queen Mary. He excused himself on the plea that the many rumors current about him made some public declaration from him necessary. But it would have been more prudent, and perhaps more proper, if he could have waited for the opportunity which would so soon have been afforded him, of declaring himself from his place in Parliament. Mary had nothing to do but to sit still and wait; no amount of political sagacity could have invented a course which it was more desirable for her that her adversaries should follow, than that upon which they now were thrusting themselves. Partially conservative (as the English always are) when in power, they were no sooner in opposition, than no ultra extravagance was too wild for them; and the queen, by the incessant homilies against rashness which poured in upon her from the emperor, the Pope, and her own ministers, was persuaded (irritated as she might naturally be) to continue to submit to provocation, and venture on nothing by her own authority. Only one thing she did, and that was really forced upon her. The pulpits had become political tribunes,

or high places from which the opposite clerisies cursed each other; and, the scandal becoming intolerable, she wisely required her subjects of both beliefs to content themselves for a while with prayer; and abstain, till more quiet times, from such a dangerous amusement.

Having done this, she quietly waited the approach of autumn, when Parliament was to meet. Neither she nor her ministers could foresee the result of the elections; but, in spite of all which Protestant writers have stated, of the means which were used to secure a majority, it does not appear, on examination, that they used any means at all; their policy was, to appear, as far as possible, to submit to the will of the country, and the absence of any evidence of attempts at bribing and intimidating, such as does exist for the elections of the following year, makes it far more than probable that at first they desired to feel their way, and really to learn the actual temper of the people; on the present occasion a matter of unusual difficulty. On most subjects which divide a nation, it is possible, at least roughly, to conjecture the comparative strength of parties; but on the present, it was impossible, for the singular reason that three fifths of the nation are described as of no religion at all; that is, neither Catholic nor Protestant, but ready to attach themselves to whichever party promised to be least extravagant.

On the 5th of October, the legislature assembled. We are told that it was violently purged of its anti-Catholic members, but the records of its proceedings entirely disprove this random charge; and it is no more than an exaggeration of the expulsion of two of the bishops, who, on occasion of the high mass at its opening, were ostentatiously disrespectful, and were ejected in consequence out of the Abbey. Proceeding to business, the House of Commons was desired at once to consider the state of religion, and determine whether there should be any change in the existing Establishment—whether they would leave things as they were; or tolerate both religions; or, if not both, then which, and on what conditions. The discussion lasted eight days. There was no violence, and certainly no precipitancy; and, at the close, a commanding majority of two thirds of the House agreed to repeal every act which had been passed under Edward, to abolish and forbid the use of Cranmer's prayer-book, and to restore the ritual unaltered, which had been in use in the last year of Henry the Eighth. Nothing could be more decisive. It was a grave and calm declaration that the country had tried doctrinal Protestantism, and did not like it. The protest against Rome was retained and reaffirmed; but, in all other respects, England was declared to be again a Catholic country, on the terms on which Henry and Gardiner had desired to establish it. And so distinctly this appears to us to have been the general desire at the time through England, that if Mary could only have brought herself to be contented with what she had achieved, if she could have felt that she was a queen of a great nation, as well as the restorer of the belief in Transubstantiation, and bridled in her eagerness with ever so little human understanding, the game was fairly in her hands. The crisis was of that rare kind when the after history of centuries may be seen to depend on the conduct of a single person; and it rested with her, to change the entire current of the fortunes of Europe.

Happily for all of us, Mary was without the faculty to understand her opportunity. There was no reason which could be expressed in words why Henry's Anglo-Catholicism should be a delusion. It is not easy to say (to keep to the usual illustration) why an aged branch cut from a tree should be unable to live independently; but so it is with the branch, and so it was with the State Church. Henry had affirmed *one* doctrine as supreme head; Edward had affirmed the opposite by the same authority; and now Mary, the third to whom it descended, declared in virtue of it, that it was usurped altogether, and desired to give it back to its proper owner. So decisive a *reductio ad absurdum* was enough even for Gardiner. When he found himself unable to prevail upon the queen, he gave up his project conclusively, and left her to carry out her own schemes undisturbed any further, although knowing too well what a price she would have to pay for them.

These schemes, however, she was wise enough to keep from the knowledge of the Parliament. She accepted what they gave, and would not frighten them by touching on dangerous questions, as long as she had further work for them.

The religious revolution being completed, they proceeded next to repeal the act by which Mary was declared illegitimate, with some unfairness laying the blame of the separation of Henry from her mother on Archbishop Cranmer.

The illegitimacy of Elizabeth was thus in a manner reenacted; and if, instead of waiting till the following year, the queen had then pressed to have her cut off from the succession, there is little doubt that the two Houses would have readily consented. Elizabeth herself was little known, and only rose in popular favor as Mary's scale went down; and, if she was set aside, the next heir would have been Mary of Scotland, a princess whose succession to the throne of England would, for many political and other reasons, have been extremely convenient. The country was weary of spiritual anarchy, and could not afford these constant revolutions of ritual, and the peaceful union of the two crowns of England and Scotland was equally desired by all thinking persons on both sides of the Tweed.

Such appear to have been the feelings of the English Parliament in October, 1553. But in periods of revolution the air is electric, and the wind shifts sharply and suddenly. In November all was changed. They had expressed a polite desire that their queen would marry. She took them at their word, and allowed it to transpire that she proposed to give her hand to the most powerful prince in Europe, the heir of the emperor. In an instant, the entire English heart began to palpitate; England was already, in imagination, become a second Netherlands, a province of Spain; the old liberties were seen vanishing one by one, Spanish noblemen dividing the great offices of state, Spanish bishops over the dioceses, Spanish priests in the pulpits, behind the Spanish prince the Pope, and behind the Pope, revolution, anarchy, civil war, and the devil.

Dr. Maitland, in his anxiety to prove every statement which has ever been made by any Protestant writer to be a lie, denies that the Spanish marriage was unpopular, and sets aside, without scruple, the entire testimony of contemporary history, on the single ground that the rebellions which it provoked were all unsuccessful. We will not quarrel with Dr. Maitland for the word "un-

popular;" it is enough that Mary's wisest advisers, including two Roman cardinals, assured her that it would not only lose her the affection of her subjects, but ruin the cause which she had most at heart; and that the Parliament, at the first hint of the matter, petitioned against it without a dissentient voice.

Mary, however, had ceased to listen to advice which went against her own opinionativeness. The Parliament were sent about their business on the instant, for their impertinent interference; and, on the evening of the day on which the resolution was passed in the House, she called the emperor's ambassador into her closet, and, before the image of the Virgin, swore her troth, somewhat theatrically, to Philip of Spain. She had never seen him. He was only twenty-six years old, while she was thirty-eight, and she had been betrothed to his father before the latter had married his mother. It is said that she fell in love through a portrait, which, if it was lovely, must have been unlike the original. It is more likely, that she saw in him a prince like herself, devoted to the Catholic faith, who would go hand-in-hand with her in her crusade against the Protestants; the difference of years would hardly be so perceptible to her as it was to him, who had vainly implored the emperor to spare him so unwelcome a connection; and, poor lonely creature, after her joyless existence, it was likely enough that she might long for a companion who might love her and be loved by her. But, whatever it was, it was a miserable dream, from which a bitter awakening was in store for her. Neither the disapprobation of her people, nor the entreaties of her ministers, nor the indifference of the bridegroom, which was evident to every one, could turn her from her purpose, and she went through with it to the natural consequences, which the emperor and herself were, perhaps, the only two persons in Europe unable to foresee.

Whatever Dr. Maitland may suppose, rebellion with the long-enduring English is not the immediate consequence of disapproval—it is the last and most desperate remedy, to which they can only be compelled when all else has failed; but, in the partial revolts which broke out in the winter of 1553-4, in Kent, and Devonshire, and Suffolk, there were warnings enough, if the queen could have understood them, of the changing feelings with which she was now regarded. Though the two last were insignificant, the first, under Wyatt, was dangerous; and though London, on the whole, remained obedient, there were threatening symptoms visible, which it would have been prudent to have treated with less disdain. But the Catholic princes had yet to learn the lesson, which it required a century to teach them, that human beings could not any more be governed by the corollaries of Roman theology; and she went on her way, believing, like a religious woman, that it was God's way, and that He would carry her through.

The secret history of the five months which followed, has been recently laid open to us by the industry of the late Mr. Tytler, who has published, from originals at Brussels, the despatches of Renaud, the Spanish ambassador then in England negotiating the marriage. The execution of Wyatt was just and even necessary. Fox has classed him among the Protestant martyrs (as, indeed, he classed a noted highwayman who was put to death for serious murders and robberies, but who

expiated his offences, and earned an apotheosis by cursing the Pope under the gallows), but we cannot think that he has any business among them. His crime was treason, not heresy; he rebelled and failed, and had no right to complain of the consequences. But Mary disgraced her previous clemency by another execution, which was neither necessary nor just, and was no more than a useless piece of cruelty. Lady Jane Grey was not implicated in Wyatt's rebellion; she was not to have profited by it if it had succeeded, and other motives are supposed to have influenced the queen beyond what appeared upon the surface. It is said that she never forgave a speech which Lady Jane had made a year or two before, when on a visit to her at New Hall. One of the ladies in waiting was showing her over the house, and took her, among other places, into the chapel. In passing the altar, the lady curtsied. Lady Jane inquired what she meant by that. Her God was present there, the lady answered, and she curtsied to Him. Lady Jane, with a half-smile, said she believed the baker had made him.

Such a piece of profanity, doubtless, lost nothing on the way, through the lady in question, to Mary; and, on the mind of so thoroughly devout and real a believer, may well have made an impression which could never be effaced. It would of course be foolish to suppose that this, or any other *single* feeling, determined her upon acting as she did, but the sense that she was punishing an obstinate heretic, as well as her rival for the throne, may have softened the reluctance which we will hope that she experienced. This warrant was signed the day after the battle in the streets, in the midst of that excitement of feeling which follows the escape from serious danger. And, familiarized as Mary had been from her childhood with the shedding of blood, accustomed to see the friend and counsellor, even the queen of one day going the next, as a matter of course, to the scaffold, and having herself, for many a year, lived in steady expectation of the same end to her own life, she could not be expected to look upon it as the dreadful thing which it appears to us. If her conduct still remains unaccountable to us, we must leave what is obscure to our charity, and think the best which we can. From her treatment of Lady Jane Grey, we turn to her treatment of another rival, whose position towards her was infinitely more questionable and painful.

The person in whose behalf Carew and Wyatt had professed to rise was the Princess Elizabeth. At the time of the outbreak she was ill at Ashridge. Letters written by Wyatt to her had been intercepted, in which he warned her to keep away from London. It appears to have been forgotten, both by those who were most anxious to destroy her, and by those who, in later times, most wish that she had been destroyed, that the fact of these letters having been intercepted is a proof that, at least, she never received them. Wyatt, on the scaffold, entirely exculpated her; she herself declared, on her honor, that no word, from him had ever reached her. The only other evidence against her was a letter in cipher, supposed to have been written by her to the French king, which was found among the despatches of the French ambassador. But this, too, broke down when it was examined; and at the end of three months, after the most active efforts of hatred, the law officers of the crown were obliged to declare that there was no matter on which to proceed against her

whatever. It will, therefore, surprise persons who are unacquainted with the way in which history is written, to hear that modern historians speak of her concern in the rebellion as a certain and indisputable fact, and do not hesitate to say, that she owed her life solely to the clemency of her sister.

So many lies have been told about this business (Lingard is among the worst of the offenders), that it is worth while to follow the detail of it with some minuteness. We make no pretence to the character of the "unprejudiced historian"—a pretence hardly compatible with much self-knowledge; indeed, we are far from satisfied that, for beings like men, to be without prejudices is a virtue at all. But we undertake that we will not willingly and consciously tell any fresh lies, there being already so vast a superabundance of them.

That any love could have existed either at that or any other moment between the daughters of Anne Boleyn and Catherine of Arragon, it is not necessary to believe. There had been too many jars and jealousies in their early lives, arising out of their father's caprice, to have permitted them at any time to regard each other as sisters; and their several duties to their mothers compelled them to regard each other as illegitimate. Mary had, indeed, as we have seen, in the past autumn, declared her own legitimacy by a formal act, and although we may excuse and even admire her doing so as an act of natural piety, it was a violation of her father's will, who had undoubtedly desired to place both his daughters on the same footing; while to Elizabeth it must have appeared a serious injury. But it is equally certain that no resentment ever provoked her to forget her duty as a subject, and only the most spotless integrity could have saved her from the efforts which were now made to destroy her.

One of the parties concerned in these efforts are at no loss to identify, for the Spanish ambassador makes no secret of his own share in them. His letters in this critical year are almost a diary for the months of March, April, and May, and he exposes, without hesitation, his own aims and motives, and those of every one about him, as far as he was able to enter into them. His own most single-minded wish appears to have been, since his master's son was to commit himself to a residence among the English savages, to make his coming as little dangerous as possible. He freely expresses his terrors at the ferocity of their nature, and describes them as uncertain tempered wild beasts, alternately fawning and rabid, whose claws must be pared, and whose teeth must be drawn before they can be safe company for persons whose lives are valuable. Elizabeth was to him the rallying point of disaffection, and as long as she was alive there could be no safety for his precious Philip.

We said that she was at Ashridge at the time of the rebellion. A few days before the outbreak, Mary had written to desire her to come up to Whitehall; but she replied that she was ill, and was unable to leave her house. Lingard believes that it was pretence, that she was guilty, and conscious, and shrunk from showing herself. As he has no evidence to offer, except what he considers internal probability, as all the evidence which there is lies the other way, and as other people have other notions of internal probability, we need not trouble ourselves any further with this opinion of Dr. Lingard. At the end of a fortnight, a

second despatch came down of a more peremptory kind. The queen's own litter was sent to fetch her, with a company of the royal guard, and the escort was accompanied by the court physicians, who were allowed discretionary power, and were to take care that she was not injured by the journey. She was brought up by slow stages, four or five miles a day; the diary of each day remains to us exact, and it is evident that her own account of herself was literally true, and that she was seriously ill. Renaud's description of her entry into London is not a little striking:—

The Lady Elizabeth arrived here yesterday (the twenty-third of February), clad completely in white, surrounded by a great assemblage of the servants of the queen, besides her own attendants. She caused her litter to be uncovered, that she might show herself to the people. Her countenance was pale, her look proud, lofty, and superbly disdainful—an expression which she assumed to disguise the mortification which she felt. The queen refused to see her, and caused her to be accommodated in a quarter of her palace, from which neither she nor her servants could go out without passing through the guard. Of her suite only two gentlemen, six ladies, and four servants are permitted to wait on her.

From the palace she was in a few days sent to the Tower, and with her the foolish, profligate Lord Courtenay, who it appears Wyatt had intended should marry her, and in whose own head some notion of the kind had nursed itself. No sooner were they securely encaged, than Renaud admonished the emperor that he never ceased to admonish her majesty of the necessity of a "prompt punishment;" the preliminary of a trial being, in the Spanish view of such matters, a very unnecessary formality. The safety of a prince of Spain was at issue, whose little finger was of greater value than the lives of a thousand English princesses. The council met day after day, and soon Gardiner followed Renaud in the same strain. He saw in Elizabeth a heretic, who, if Mary's frail body failed, would be a more dangerous enemy to the Church than her brother had been, and we cannot wonder at Gardiner any more than at Renaud. Most glad we should be, if we could believe that in the queen there was any reluctance to listen to them; but it is certain, that Elizabeth had no friend except her own innocence, and those unfortunate laws of England, which necessitated an arraignment and a conviction as the antecedents of the scaffold.

Mary did not hate her: we could almost wish she had. The most vindictive personal malignity would be a feeling more intelligible and more respectable than that which was now influencing her. We acknowledge, as we said before, that written accounts of spoken words, however correct, are necessarily an inadequate account of them, and often an absolutely false one. The intonation is everything, and the intonation evaporates in the passage from the lip to the pen. But after the most cautious employment of such means of judging as we possess, we really conclude that Mary at the time was capable of no feeling whatsoever, except an impotent eagerness for the arrival of her husband, and a readiness to sacrifice everything which lay in its way. At a meeting of the council, in the first week of April, Renaud declared—

That it was of the utmost importance that the trials and execution of Courtenay and the Lady Elizabeth should be concluded before the arrival of his highness.

The queen answered, that she had neither rest nor sleep for the anxiety she took for the security of his highness at his coming.

Gardiner then remarked, that as long as Elizabeth was alive, there was no hope that the kingdom could be tranquillized, and that if every one went on soundly to work as he did in providing the necessary remedies, things would go on better.

The difficulty, Renaud acknowledges, was not from any unwillingness in any quarter to proceed to extremities, "but that they had not been as yet able to fall on matters sufficiently penal according to the law of England. Nevertheless," he adds, "her majesty tells me that every day they are finding new proofs against her."

These little sentences, if they are given correctly, appear to us to admit of only one interpretation. It is but fair to say, however, that a very chivalrous defence has been made for Mary, by Miss Strickland; and thoroughly creditable as it is to this lady, that she has been the first Protestant historian who has dared to speak a word for her, we should be disposed, if the defence were entirely single-minded, to leave it unchallenged. There is no danger of an over-lenient judgment of Mary Tudor in the minds of the English, and Miss Strickland's conception of her is at any rate, infinitely more like the truth than the popular one. In this particular case, however, she is unable to confine herself to the subject before her; and in vindicating one sister takes the opportunity of a side-blow at the other.

There is a foolish story to be found in Foxe, Heywood, and other Protestant writers, which has been copied from one to the other without comment or inquiry, to the effect that when Elizabeth was in the Tower,

A warrant came down for her execution, Gardiner being the inventor of that instrument. Master Bridges, the lieutenant, no sooner received it, but mistrusting false play, he presently made haste to the queen, who was no sooner informed but she denied the least knowledge of it. She called Gardiner, and others whom she suspected, before her, blamed them for their inhuman usage of her sister, and took measures for her better security.

It is scarcely credible that a person of Miss Strickland's experience should have transferred to her pages such an extravagant piece of folly. No warrant could have been issued for Elizabeth's execution before she had been tried; and if any warrant was issued it must have been signed by Mary. The Lord Chancellor of England is not likely to have set an example of such preposterous illegality; and if he really did venture on it, it is more disgraceful to Mary than anything which we know of her, that she passed it over with a reprimand for inhumanity. But nothing of all this occurs to Miss Strickland; and it is an opportunity for her too good to be passed over to make a point on a favorite subject. As Gardiner was to Elizabeth, so was Burleigh to the Queen of Scots. Though the latter was tried by a high commission and formally condemned; though the Houses of Lords and Commons petitioned that sentence might be executed, and the warrant had been duly signed before Burleigh despatched it; yet she can see no difference of circumstances in the two cases; Burleigh only succeeded where Gardiner attempted; and Mary is an angel of mercy and Elizabeth an inhuman murderess. It remained to be seen what she

would make of Renaud's despatches; from her frequent allusions to them, there was no doubt that she had studied them carefully, and we were really anxious to learn whether any other meaning than that which we had gathered ourselves, could with any plausibility be forced upon them. Giving her the benefit of every doubt, the manner in which she proceeds is little to her credit.

He (the Spanish ambassador), she writes, observes, angrily, that it was evident the queen wished to save Courtenay, and of course Elizabeth, since she does not allow that her guilt was as manifest as his.*

This passage she includes between inverted commas, as a direct quotation from Renaud; and if any such passage were to be found in his letters, it would of course be conclusive; we felt certain however that they contained nothing of the kind, and, her reference being wrong, we could only conjecture, on going again carefully through with them, that what she intended to quote was this—

Quant au dit Courtenay, je la vois inclinée et persuadée pour luy donner liberté.

Quant au dit Elizabeth les gens de loix ne trouvent matière pour la condamner.

The queen's desire to save is pointedly limited to Courtenay, while the difficulty with Elizabeth is ascribed not to any feeling of hers, but to the impracticable honesty of the *gens de loix*; and this is the perpetual burden of Renaud's lamentation; but it is a very different thing indeed from what Miss Strickland represents him as saying.

We suppose that she intended to quote only the first paragraph; that she paraphrased the second according to her own interpretation; and that the remaining errors are due to the carelessness of the printer and to her own want of attention in revising the press. But that she should have forced such an interpretation from such words at all, is a grave evidence of her untrustworthiness when her prejudices bear upon her judgment.

And now to leave this somewhat tedious story, and to follow Mary along the rapid process by which she disembarassed herself of her brief popularity. The executions for the Wyatt rebellion had neither conciliated the Londoners, nor frightened them. Parliament was to meet in April to settle the preliminaries of the marriage; and as the time drew on, the English wild beast began to show its displeasure by antics which not a little terrified Renaud. One morning the city urchins turned out three hundred on a side to play at English and Spanish, the prince of Spain himself figuring in all the splendor of rags and tinsel; after a brief fight, in which Spain was contumeliously routed, the said prince was clutched up by friends and foes, and vicariously suspended from a branch; and so eager were his executioners, that the mock death was very near a real one. The queen lost her temper, and declared that she would have her Parliament meet at York or at Oxford, where the people were good Christians and not a nest of heretics; but this was only an impotent threat; and, considering the way in which the Londoners had behaved a few months previously, it was neither wise nor graceful. At any rate, matters did not mend; a few mornings later, when the sun rose upon the cross at Cheapside, a cat was found swinging from it, apparelled like a priest

* "Life of Queen Mary." By Agnes Strickland.

with a shaven crown, her fore-feet tied over her head with a paper like a wafer-cake between them; and when Easter came there was "a great scandal" at St. Paul's, which was considered the best practical joke of the time.

The custom was to lay the sacrament into the sepulchre the even-song of Good Friday, and to take it out at break of day on Easter morning. At the time of taking it out, the quire sung, *Surrexit, non est hic*. But then the priest, looking for the host, found it was not there indeed, for one had stolen it out, which put them all into no small disorder; but another was presently brought in its stead. Upon this a ballad followed, that their God was stolen and lost, but a new one was made in his room.

It would have been well if this had been the worst; but attached to both religions there was a refuse of population, in which, both under Mary and Elizabeth, foul scandals against the character of the princesses readily generated themselves, and these were printed and scattered about the streets. It is to the credit of the Protestant historians that the most foolish of them have not polluted their pages with these abominations, while no cesspool has been too foul for priests, bishops, cardinals, and even great ladies, to dive into, for materials with which to defile Elizabeth. But although the stories against Mary were left to rot where they were thrown, yet they were offensive enough when first they were uttered, and wounded her cruelly.

At last, however, Parliament was sitting; and for these and all other disorders a remedy would be devised. If the towns were heretical, the country was orthodox, and the loyal knights of the shires would outnumber and overawe the insolent burgesses. It may be asked with what good hope the queen, who had been obliged to dismiss her first Parliament with such precipitation, could look without alarm to the assembling of a second. The secret comes out in the despatches of Renaud. The hope of her life, in case she ever had the power, had been to make reparation for her father's injustice, and restore the property of the Church. The distribution of it had been in direct violation of the principle on which the confiscation had been justified. But Cranmer and Latimer had protested in vain; and the latter, unable to rescue a single acre for education or for charity, was obliged to content himself with anathematizing in his strong way the hypocritical lords and squires, who only pretended to be "gospellers" for the chance of the scramble. The gospel part of the affair was now laid aside; but the convenience of the broad lands remained unaffected. Almost all the peers, and a large body of the commons, had shared more or less in the plunder; and as the queen's wish was no secret, and many right-minded persons in the country were disposed to sympathize in feeling the enormity of the wrong, however they might differ as to the manner in which it should be remedied, there was no little anxiety among them. They were determined not to part with the lands, cost what it might to defend them; but they were not desirous that things should be pushed to extremities, and were open to reason if the king would come to terms. And so it was arranged that they were to make no more difficulty about the marriage, and she was formally to relinquish her design upon their property. So far, all went easy. It was a downright bargain; so much was paid on one side, and

so much was given for it on the other, and both parties affected to be mutually satisfied. But the queen attempted to close her eyes to its nature; to flatter herself that they had been persuaded not to a single act, but to approbation of a policy, and proceeded to make fresh demands upon them. The Catholic faith was re-established, but the country still swarmed with heretics, and she desired fresh powers to repress them. It was still in schism, if not in heresy; and she desired a reconciliation with Rome. Considering that at least the upper house was composed of the same men who had gone along with Henry's anti-papalism, and who, under Edward, had forbidden the very exercise of the mass under any pretext whatsoever; the demand which she was pressing upon their consciences was extravagant, and without further "consideration" she was made to feel that it was impossible that they could concede. The reconciliation with Rome was for the present again postponed; but the chancellor, in the beginning of the session, brought forward a bill for the restoration of the penalties against the Lollards; and now it appeared that a second transaction was necessary. The difficulty had been foreseen as a possible one; and Renaud was empowered to meet it with promises of Spanish gold; but the peers were so well aware of the baseness of their doings, that without the money down they would not give way. Renaud's letters of agony are not a little amusing. First the peers sent the bill to the commons, refusing to pass it while the penalties were made death. Oh! the pensions—the pensions! where were they? Then they threw it out altogether; and still no money. At last there was* an understanding that it should be passed in the following session, with another understanding that the prince was to bring the money when he came over. After this disgraceful revelation, we can understand Queen Elizabeth's motives in creating a new aristocracy.

Among other misfortunes which befell England through the gold of Spain, too clearly is due to it that dark and dreadful persecution which has made Mary's name execrable through all generations. The Parliament was now dismissed, the proceedings in it having scandalized the country, and "a great revolt," in Renaud's opinion, "being imminent," which it would be better "should be over before the arrival of his highness." When this arrival was to take place was now the important question. The articles were drawn, and Mary was impatient; but Renaud was anxious about the revolt, and wished first to see the steam let off in an explosion. He regarded political effervescences as periodical necessities of the English, and recommended autumn as the safest to make a first acquaintance with them, "*pour ce que ordinairement les humeurs des Anglois bouillissent, plus en l'esté qu'en autre temps.*" The danger might, however, be less than he feared. The queen assured him that there was not the slightest occasion for alarm, and that "*gaignant et s'assurant des principaux par pensions et liberalitez l'on n'aura occasion de craindre le peuple.*" At last, although he could not close his eyes to the determinedly cold attitude of the country, and though no preparations were made anywhere to celebrate the arrival except at the court,

* This must have been what really took place. Renaud says the bill was actually carried; but this is a mistake. It was not passed till the following December.

he made up his mind that it might be ventured in July (midsummer though it was), and reported to that effect to the emperor. So in July it was to be; and, like the tragedy writers who scatter sunshine over the scenes which precede the catastrophe, as if they would linger in the light to the latest moment before they plunge into the darkness, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of loitering over the tragi-comedy of the meeting of the bridegroom and the bride.

On came the summer, like no summer in all the world except in England—raining, thundering, and blowing. The English fleet went down to the coast of Spain to join the Spanish, and form a squadron of escort with them. But the Spaniards would have been better pleased to have been left to themselves, for complaints were forwarded to the court that Lord Clinton, the admiral, did nothing but laugh at their ships, and "call them mussel-shells;" and as the prince was long in coming, and the sailors grew weary and wanted amusement, they "did so cruelly push and torment" the crews of the said mussel-shells when they were on shore for water together, that it became necessary to fix separate hours for their landing, to keep them apart. And this was not the worst; for when the prince came at last, and a stiff south-wester had blown them into the channel, where the English considered themselves sovereign, the Spanish admiral, though the heir of half the world was in his ship, was made to strike his top-sails, and do homage to English supremacy. What poor Philip thought of this there is no saying; probably all minor evils were drowned in the one terrible evil which was before him, and probably too he knew nothing about the matter; for to add to his miseries, he was wretchedly, pitifully sick. The voyage, however, if a detestable, was at least a brief one, and after no more than seven days of suffering, he was set on shore at Southampton, on Saturday, the 20th of July—a memorable day in the history of this country, for the prospects of the queen may now be said to have been finally closed up, and the love, interest, sympathy, affection of her subjects gone from her forever; thenceforward there was no more inclination for Catholicism; thenceforward, in the terror of being absorbed into the dominions of a foreign country, England sought only to intensify and defend her nationality, and isolate herself within her own white walls from all foreign princes, priests, and potentates. It was not the husband of her sovereign that she could recognize in Philip of Spain, but the deadly enemy of herself, her laws, and her children.

Fortunately for us mortals, however, necessary as any future may be, and inevitable as by our own actions we may have made it, it is kindly kept from us wrapt up in clouds, and we are not made wretched about it by anticipation. No visions of wrecked armadas or plundered caracques haunted Philip's dreams, as he rested his wearied body at the Southampton mayoralty. And if Mary's sleep was troubled when she heard that he had landed, it was certainly from no thought of impending disasters. On the Monday evening, they were to meet at Winchester; and the long summer's day would only be long enough for the slow magnificence of the procession, in which the bridegroom was to march thither from Southampton. He had brought with him a glorious retinue, decked out in all the splendors in which they had been wont to glitter up and down under the blue sky of Cas-

tile. The choicest chivalry of Europe were there in choicest holiday costume, with gold, and pearls, and silks, and velvets, and plumes of gorgeous birds of Paradise, from the forests of the new world. Southampton had never seen such a troop of cavaliers as on that July morning wound along her streets; and well might Southampton stand and gaze, and wonder at them, for never before or since were so many men worth marking seen together there. Alva was among them, and Count Egmont, and, greater than either, William Prince of Orange, and Count Horn, four men whose equals were not perhaps alive in Europe, or in the world. Poor England, and still more the English climate, which showed such weak perception of the honor done to it! The sun, at least, did not care to look at them, however the people did. Swithin lying there in his shrine at Winchester would not sacrifice one hour of his moist rites. Down fell the rain, as if the whole torrent of the forty days were streaming into one; down it fell, hopeless, cheerless, incorrigible. The gay feathers dangled in the bonnets; the drenched horses drooped their heads, trailing their gaudy caparisons as they waded through the chalk slush of the roads; but no horse might quicken its pace, and no outward composure be disturbed; on they paced, slow, solemn, and most miserable. We can fancy how the Hampshire peasants stood grinning under the dripping eaves of the cottage porches, and bare-legged urchins darted out with disrespectful capers, as the last horse went by. We can fancy the oaths which were muttered between Philip's yellow lips at all England, weather, marriage, queen, and the whole accursed connection. And the rain was not the worst. To propitiate the gods of his new subjects, he had drained in their honor, before starting, a huge tankard of "the wine of the country"—Hampshire ale—the flavor and the properties of which alike displeased his inexperienced stomach; and, within and without, he was drenched in wretchedness.

Two hours had brought them two miles from Southampton, when suddenly a messenger dashed up from Winchester full gallop in a shower of rain and mud, and delivered, breathless, a mysterious message that the prince was to come no further, and was instantly to return. What was to be done? What was the meaning of it? Renaud's warnings, what he had said of English inconstancy, the mysterious *boulissement* of their evil humors periodically recurrent at the dog-days, all rushed into his mind; the cavalcade was halted, and Alva, Egmont, and he, drew up at the edge of the road to consult. Tradition has not preserved what passed between them; but what strange thoughts the associations of those three names call up in us when we think of them on that wet day, standing talking at the ditch side, on the Southampton road! After such a ride together, and such a scene, it is hard to understand why they were not sworn friends forever. But we must cut short our sentimentalism, as an English nobleman, who was present, cut short their agitation. "Sire," he said, laughing, "the queen only begs you will not think of coming to her in such dreadful weather." If Philip ever blushed, he blushed then. He gathered himself together, dismissing the hope which perhaps, for a moment, had shot across him, of a reprieve from the purgatory into which he was to be precipitated. The foot march recommenced; and after eight more mortal hours of slush and

shower-bath, the draggled cavaliers waded into the town of Winchester, and found dry clothes and supper waiting for them at the Deanery. Where let us leave him to digest his watery welcome as best he could.

In another day or two, the precipitation was completed. How long a time elapsed before the queen's eyes opened to the light in which she was regarded by him we cannot tell. There was much to blind her; and perhaps, during the few succeeding months, she was as nearly happy as with her unhappy nature she could be. At the close of August, they made their entry together into London; where, though they were received with a show of pageantry, there were threatening indications visible also, which showed that the temper of the citizens had not become more submissive. At one end of London Bridge stood a large painted figure of King Henry, holding a book as if to present to her as she passed, on which was written, "Verbum Dei." Without taste, and without tact, she halted till a painter had been summoned, and had dashed out the words.

The objects, however, most notable on this occasion were the twenty cart-loads of bullion which followed in the train, and in which, as behind the triumphal car of the prince and queen, the honor of the English nobles was drawn along in shameful captivity. The price of blood was come, and Parliament was now to meet once more, when they were to fulfil their promise. Means of another sort, though equally sure, had been taken to secure a pliant House of Commons, and now the queen was to inaugurate her final victory, and place the last stone on the re-constructed edifice of Catholicism. Her first Parliament had given her the mass, but protested against Pope and husband. Her second had granted the husband, but there ceased their compliance. The third was to do submission, in the name of the country, to a Roman legate. England was to be received again, as a returned prodigal, in the bosom of her mother, and, as a token of her repentance, was to offer up her misleaders with fire and fagot at the altars of the offended gods.

Unanimity would be certain; for no dissentient voice was to be permitted. The church had been diligently weeded; the heretical bishops were in prison or in exile; three thousand clergy had been turned adrift to find some other employment or to starve. Convocation was already, therefore, secured, and the elections to the House of Commons could be controlled. A letter of Mary's is preserved to us, obviously a circular to the lieutenants of the counties, directing them how to proceed. It is addressed to the Earl of Sussex, and runs as follows:—

Mary the Queen.

Right-trusty and well-beloved Cousin, we greet you well: And whereas for divers causes, tending principally to the advancement of God's glory and the government of this realm, we have thought convenient to call our High Court of Parliament for the twelfth of next month, as by our writ of summons sent unto you, you may at better length perceive; like as for your own part we doubt not but ye will be ready to assist us with your best advice and counsel for the furtherance of our good purpose in such matters as are to be treated of in our said Parliament, so, to the end the same may be more gravely debated and circumspectly handled to the honor of Almighty God and general commodity of our loving subjects, we have thought convenient specially to require and pray

you to admonish on our behalf such our good and loving subjects as by order of our writs have the election of knights, citizens, or burgesses within our realm to choose of their inhabitants such as, being eligible by order of our laws, may be of the wise, grave, and Catholic sort; such as indeed mean the true honor of God with the prosperity of the commonwealth, the advancement whereof we and our dear husband the King do chiefly profess and intend, without alteration of any man's possessions, as, amongst other false rumors, the hinderers of our good purpose and favorers of heresy do report.

Given under our signet at our palace of Westminster, the 6th of October, this second year of our reign.*

The specific form of admonition which Sussex was to administer to the good and loving subjects may be left to conjecture. It is enough that it answered its purpose; persons who attempt a game of this kind usually taking precautions which shall secure them against immediate failure. All was at last ready therefore. The commons were nominees, the peers were bribed, the convocation weeded; and, with a hand of packed cards, the game would not be difficult. Considering what the work was, it had been dexterously done. The island of heretics was prostrate, and nothing remained but that Cardinal Pole, the legate, should now make his appearance and complete the farce. It was the culmination of Mary's star,

And from that full meridian of her glory
She hasted to her setting.

On the 28th of November, the Parliament and the cardinal came face to face; on the 29th, the motion for the reunion with Rome was carried with acclamation; on the 30th, was the great scene with legislature, king, queen, and legate, at the close of which, after mutual weepings, prayers, and admonishings, the latter rose in his place, and declared that "all those present, and the whole nation and the dominions thereof, he absolved from heresy, schism, and all judgments, censures, and penalties for that cause incurred, and restored them to the communion of the holy church, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Amen, amen, amen, rang out round the hall, the members rose from their knees, and they and the court and the legate adjourned to the chapel and sang *Te Deum*; with what emotions we feel no temptation to pause and to consider. Next followed a similar scene with the convocation, and the Sunday after Gardiner did penance at Paul's Cross and

* If this letter was the only evidence remaining to us, it would not be sufficient to prove that the means employed by the court were decidedly unconstitutional, as the constitution was then understood. It is important, however, as a comment on the universal complaints of the Protestants, that the elections were unfairly controlled, and the following language of *Michèle*, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Mary, inapplicable as we know that was to her first two Parliaments, describes the impression which he gathered from the proceedings of her third. He is mistaken in deducing a practice from a single instance, but his evidence is no less valuable as to what he himself witnessed:—

"The kings use in more than one way to keep out (of Parliament), or bring in, whomsoever they please; choosing for the latter purpose such only on whose good disposition towards them they can firmly rely. They are at this time become so formidable and powerful that they may do even as they please; nor can anybody, whether in Parliament or out of it, impune, or indeed without utter ruin to himself, venture to stand up in opposition, or even to make the least show of resistance to their pleasure generally. In short, servants they enter Parliament, and servile are their proceedings therein."

preached a sermon of self-abomination for his schism. The Parliament made haste with the work which remained. On the 18th of December the persecuting bill passed, and, with the new year the heretic burning was to begin. It was a great victory, or it looked like one; and to add to it, in the middle of all the joy, the queen was declared to be *enceinte*. Up went *Te Deums* again from every cathedral in Europe. Bells rung and bonfires blazed. There was no doubt any more; Heaven had spoken; Heaven had blessed the queen for her glorious work, and doubly blessed the Church through her. The news was sent flying to the emperor. "I never doubted of the matter," he said; "I never doubted but that God, who had wrought so many miracles, would make the same perfect by assisting nature to His good and most desired work." It was only natural that Catholics should think so. It was natural, too, perhaps, when it all turned out a dream, that they should not have seen, in the failure of their hopes, the same evidence of the disfavor of God as they supposed themselves to see of His favor, while they thought it a reality. The weight of the evidence was the same, into whichever scale it was cast. But so it is with the sons of men. The most trifling coincidence, the idlest straw driven before the wind, will be claimed as a providence when it flatters their prejudices; the most startling catastrophe will be explained away, ascribed to luck, to fortune, or the malice of the devil, sooner than they will acknowledge it to be a judgment on their sins.

That Mary's pregnancy was a pitiable delusion, politically we cannot but rejoice. With her ultra-montane extravagance she had sacrificed forever the hope of reconciling the English to any form of Catholicism, however moderate; and the events of the next three years would have inevitably precipitated a revolution if her breaking health had not enabled them to expect an early remedy in natural causes. There is no doubt how the struggle would have ended, but while it lasted it would have been inconceivably dreadful; and instead of the long, glorious peace of Elizabeth, when the population doubled their numbers, and trebled their wealth, the best blood of England would have flowed away on new fields of Towton or of Barnet, and the Protestants might only have found themselves conquerors, to bleed to death on the scene of their victory. But for the poor queen herself, it was a disappointment which may well command our commiseration. From her childhood she had been the plaything of a fortune which had bound her heart in ice; and her woman's feelings, as she brooded over her own and her mother's wrongs, had curdled into bitterness. With a more powerful nature, injuries such as hers would have brought about some tragical catastrophe; but such a result was prevented by the poverty of her disposition, and she was transformed instead into a wretched being who could neither love nor be loved.

If her husband had treated her even with ordinary kindness—inexperienced as she, who had never known kindness at all, must have been in distinguishing between the degrees of it—it might have satisfied her self-flattery; and if those other hopes had not deceived her, and if in becoming a mother fresh springs of affection had been allowed to open for her, it is not impossible that the hard, frost-bound soil might have thawed, and the latent humanity shot up again.

It might have been so; and those dark blots

which will now lie upon her name forever, might either never have been, or have been washed away by repentance. There is no saying. History is not of what might have been, but of what was; which, indeed, perhaps is all that could have been. But Queen Mary, cruelly as she was wronged in her own young days, is not one of those persons whom it is possible to hate, and we pity her, even for her crimes.

To return to the Parliament. Although Pole had received a commission from the Pope to confirm the existing tenures of the spoliated Church lands, there was, nevertheless, a hope, that by persuasion, if not by violence, the holders of them might be induced to disgorge. The Mortmain Act was suspended for twenty years to give the priests the opportunity of working upon them on their death-beds, and perhaps of terrifying them by a refusal of the viaticum. The queen set an example by giving back what remained to the crown; and Pole, in the very speech in which he consented to the Act of Parliament which established things as they were, yet reminded those whom he allowed to retain what they had got of the punishment which God sent upon Belshazzar for his sacrilegious usage of the vessels of the temple. Here and there a few straggling monks began to nestle among the ruins of the abbeys, like the remnants of a wasp's nest about the blackened hole which has been their home; and natural repentance, and natural uneasiness, when the dying point was near, would soon, it was hoped, lead many a man to sacrifice for his children what he could not resolve to sacrifice for himself.

The gangrene of heresy was now to be cauterized. The queen had got her bill, and might now burn when she pleased. We can believe that the legislature, in granting her the power, had little notion of the manner in which she would use it. The Statute of the Six Articles, except on a few occasions, had been a dead letter in the hands of her father; and they may easily have been unable to conceive that a woman, who had been merciful to traitors, would be harder upon heretics than so ostentatious a champion of orthodoxy as Henry the Eighth. But they had underrated the power of Catholicism over a heart in which no natural feeling operated to soften or to counteract it.

We have no intention of pursuing the horrible history of the years which followed; but many attempts have been made to remove the responsibility from the queen; and it is necessary to say, that the closer we examine, the more certain we feel that it is wholly and exclusively hers. It has appeared so horrible a thing that a woman should have done it all, that the blame has been desperately hurled upon Philip, Gardiner, Bonner, Pole, any one whose name is prominent. And yet, the Sunday after the first execution, Philip's confessor preached openly in severe condemnation of it; Gardiner and Bonner recoiled from their loathsome duty, and we have letters extant of Mary's own, in which she rebuked them for their slowness, and goaded them into proceeding. And Pole was so notoriously opposed to the persecution, that complaints were entered against him at Rome, his legative office was suspended, and only his death prevented his being called to account as a favorer of heresy. It was the queen, and the queen only; and the explanation of her conduct, if we will only reflect, is not so exceedingly difficult.

A Catholic, if he is really sincere, cannot but

approve of persecution. If he believes, as he professes to believe, that teachers of what he calls heresy are indeed leading away the souls of all miserable men who listen to them, into the eternal fires of hell, no crime can equal theirs in atrocity, as the consequences of none approach it in horror. Catholics who pretend to deplore the spirit of persecution, can by no possibility be sincere in denying salvation to all who are beyond the pale of their church; and when they prate of toleration, they make their profession an imposture and a lie. We naturally shrink from pressing one another with the logical consequences of our creed, whether political or religious, and it seems a hard thing to charge upon the faith of so large a section of educated, well-disposed people, so dreadful a necessity. But the question is too serious to be trifled with; and, whether we like it or not, we must look it in the face. Let us consider what damnation means in the creed of a Catholic; consider what the *crime* must be which involves a penalty so appalling. And if a simple heretical belief is sufficient to involve it, what can we say of those who teach heresy? It is only because the gates of hell lie beyond the grave, and he does not with his bodily eyes see the poor souls hurled through them, that the Catholic of weak faith talks of toleration. If he have the power to crush a heretic teacher, and spare him, he must stand self-condemned—condemned of a crime as infinitely greater than that of him who lets loose a murderer from his prison, as the torture of unending years exceeds the moment's pain of a single death.

And thus Catholicism, wherever it is dominant, and wherever it is sincerely professed, would always carry out persecution to its extreme and cruel issue, were it not that in the generality, if not the whole, of mankind there is an element of humanity which no creed can extinguish, making them *men* as well as orthodox believers, and compelling them to refuse the conclusion, even while they continue to accept the premises. Gardiner would have punished the *leaders* of Protestantism, as he would have punished the leaders of a rebellion; but four or five, instead of as many hundreds, would have closed the lists, if he had had the keeping of them. Bonner, a good-natured, choleric man, would have whipped a few for the example, and let the rest go free. But in Queen Mary, early ill-usage had trampled out the natural woman, and delivered her up to Catholicism, to be moulded by it exclusively and completely. With a resolute wish to do the will of God, without one bad passion, careless of herself, and only caring for what she believed to be her duty, she had no idea of what duty meant, except what she gathered from her creed; and all her loves, and all her hatreds, submitted to the literal control of the propositions of it, uncounteracted and uninfluenced by a single human emotion. The character is a fearful but an intelligible one; and we shall not easily exhaust the instructiveness of it. We may look through history in vain to find a second specimen; one such was enough, and that one was raised up on high on the English throne, for all mankind to gaze upon as an example of what Catholicism was able to do with a nature wholly given over to it, in which no other influence, either of head or heart, assisted or interfered with its operations.

The most painful feature in the English persecution is the rank of the victims. Five bishops,

and a very few leading clergymen alone appear, of men whose names were known to the world. There was neither peer among them, nor knight, nor gentleman—only poor mechanics, weavers, tailors, carpenters, common day-laborers, and poor blind boys. We are unwilling to think that the queen only struck where she dared, and would not risk a collision which might put an end to her proceedings; we know, as a fact, that it was among the poor that Protestantism had the strongest hold, and that the preachers of it were as unlettered as the first apostles; and yet, as we turn over the catalogue of sufferers, the painful impression will cling to us that cowardice was added to inhumanity.

The rest of Mary's life is soon told; she was shot down from the show of her prosperity as swiftly as she was raised to it; her life on earth was one long mistake, and but for the brief delusive interval, which only served to make her cup more bitter, it was one long misery. The symptoms which she had mistaken for pregnancy were the approaches of a hideous disease. Her husband, for whom she had sacrificed the hearts of her people, detested her, and, brute as he was, took no pains to conceal his aversion. He insulted her by infamous solicitations of the ladies of her court; when they turned with disdain from him, he consoled himself with vulgar debauchery; and making no secret of the motives which had induced him to accept her hand, when the policy burst like an air-bubble, he hastened to leave a country which was always execrable to him, and a wife whose presence was a reproach.

Thus bitterly Mary's heart was again flung back upon itself; and, with seared feelings and breaking health, she threw herself with undivided heart upon her religion to fulfil the mission on which she believed that she had been sent by God. The most severe edict which was issued for the persecution went out after her husband had left her, proving, if proof were wanted, that she, and not he, was the author of it. Heretics, like the Hydra's heads, seemed to multiply by their destruction, and every victim offered, kindled fresh and fresh enthusiasm for martyrdom. Dragged in troops before the bishops, the labor of the latter was to thrust upon them opportunities of escape; and, fairly read, the history of the Marian trials is that of wretched judges compelled to administer a law which they abhorred, and whose one effort was to escape the duties which it forced upon them. The queen's determination, however, only grew with failure. She saw the hatred of her people, but it did not move her. She felt her life was ebbing from her; it was the more reason she should make haste. Her sister's accession, which now she could not hinder, would be the signal for the downfall of all for which she had labored, if she could not first destroy the poison. In the portraits which remain of her, we can read the history of it all; that high projecting forehead, falling in and narrowing above the eyes—weak, and yet inflexible; foolish, yet with the conceit of wisdom. As she sank and sank, the more fiercely she drove on the persecution; fresh and fresh powers were given to the ecclesiastics, and fresh and fresh injunctions; what had begun in conviction of duty, had settled into a monomania. But the endurance of the people, like the queen's life, was drawing to its limits; and it was a race between them which would first give in. Near as the close of the latter evidently was, Cecil had to

fear some dreadful outbreak would anticipate it. Her death was openly prayed for in the churches, and it was idle to declare it treason. The exiled clergy in Germany poured pamphlets across the Channel, in which it was declared lawful, and even meritorious, to make away with her *ferro veneno quocunque modo*, and though she justly made the possession of such papers punishable with death, yet, when the nation shared the treason, the impossibility of executing it made the threat contemptible.

Thus wretchedly, the last sovereign in England who reigned on to her natural end a Catholic, sank towards the grave. She ascended the throne when the people whom she was called to govern were inclining to return to their old bondage, and her reign, though but of little more than five years' duration, was long enough to make such a return impossible forever. Fearful as it was, we cannot regret it, for those poor men whom she destroyed secured in their death a perpetual freedom to England: and if to die nobly in a noble cause be really for a mortal man the happiest service of life; if, in the midst of the profitless existence of so many millions of millions, those few are to be accounted blessed who have not lived in vain, the five hundred poor working men who sank to ashes at the stake by the order of Mary Tudor, are not among those whose fate we most deplore, or who would themselves ask us to deplore it. Surely, happier far was the meanest of them all, than that poor forlorn princess who was piteously divorced from life by years of agony; who, although she passed away a queen amidst the splendor of a palace, yet knew too well in dying that no man or woman left on earth would waste one regret, or shed one tear upon her memory; and who, in the miserable consciousness of the vanity of her existence, prayed that she might be buried in the habit of a poor *religieuse*, in which alone it would have been well for her if she had lived.

From Putnam's Monthly.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red Autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and
Dover

Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
The sea coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their
stations

On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well!

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with their call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room;
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar:
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead!

From Chambers' Journal.

THE FEAR AND THE HOPE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

My thoughts within me grow at times so high,
That, looking at them 'twixt the earth and sky,
They dazzle me with glow of green and gold;
Thus ripe fruits hang i' the sun
On haughty walls, unwon
By longing little hands, that pine their sweets to
hold!

Is, then, the stature of my mind so low,
That I can never hope to reach the show
Imagination forms of fruitage fine,
Which gleams before the eye
Of thought, too far and high
To come within a grasp so weak and dwarfed as
mine?

After long hours of pain, when Love seems lost
In swampy selfishness, and Hope is tossed
About wild waves that lend no rock to rest on;
Then suddenly comes Ease,
Smoothing the mind's rough seas,
Till they are fit for Hope—fair swan!—to build its
nest on!

Then, when exempt from physical cares, it is
Those visions bright approach me, ripe with bliss,
Singing glad Yea-words, fraught with Hope, that
make
Each sublunary care
A bubble of the air,
Whilst momentary ease a lasting shape doth take.

O Hope, fair Hope! deceiving Hope! but still
Consoling Hope, I would not have aught chill
Thy warm tides in my soul; but when I sought
them
And found them, prize them well;
Dear are the tales they tell
Of apples sour in May, that sweeten ere 't is au-
tumn.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE GOLDEN GUILLOTINE.

I PASSED part of the year 1824, and nearly the whole of 1825, in France. I was then more than a boy, though not quite a man—that is, I was able to observe everything, without having attained the full power of reasoning upon what I saw. Above all, my memory was more retentive than it has ever been since, for I have remarked that the pictures drawn upon the retina of the mind do not become fastened by after processes. As they first impinge, so they remain, all the more distinctly and permanently from having been traced upon a delicate and virgin surface. Youth employs itself little with the images it stores within its memory. They are kept for after use—a use that wears them out.

One over-clouded afternoon, having just had my fencing lesson, and finding it quite impossible to remain within doors any longer without getting hopelessly into the blue devils, I sallied forth into the street of Tours (the town in which we then resided), without any very definite idea of the next thing to be done. There were two ways, of course, to choose between—one to the left, up the Faubourg, past the *Fabrique de Passementerie*, the *Pension*, and the ancient stone, on which was inscribed the record of some ancient inundation of the Loire, "*jusqu'ici*," stopped by the visible interposition of St. Anthony. But, then, in that direction lay the *abbatoir*, and the bare idea of a sanguine gush from within the archway and down the kennel whilst I was traversing its brink, was enough to decide me. I turned to the right.

This led me to the more ancient parts of the town, and the congenial vicinity of the great Cathedral of St. Gatien. The echoes of the deep bells swept over the roofs of the houses, and chimed in with the sombre tone of my contemplations. At a particular break in this ridge of roofs, I caught a sight of the massive towers, staring over ominously upon me from the region of tempest, while two or three ravens seemed to be blown out of them ever and anon by the gusts, slowly and perseveringly returning with each lull to the shelter of the ragged tracery near their summits, and forcibly reminding me of those evil thoughts which, when expelled, return again and again to find shelter in some rent of our ruined organization. It was not without a certain sensation of awe that I found myself thus under the archiepiscopal shadow, for I had learned thus early to succumb to the genius of great structures, and to suffer myself to be bestridden by these dark embodiments of mediæval influences.

Suddenly I observed indications of the avenue coming to an end. Grass started greenly between the stones, and the street appeared untrodden by man or beast. A few steps farther, and a heavy gate stood opposite me, under the skeletons of large timber trees, barring all farther advance. I now cast about me for some means of exit, other than by retracing my steps, which somehow or other conveyed to me a sense of humiliation; and I did contrive to make out at the right a low archway, through which a paved alley sharply descended, I knew not whither, but apparently a public thoroughfare. Down this, after a moment's hesitation, I plunged, and found myself, as soon as I had emerged into the light at the rear of the buildings, in a deserted plot, which seemed to stretch away in one direction, comfortless and

grass-grown, nearly to the inner face of the town walls.

Long as I had resided in Tours, I had never seen or heard of this place. Where was it?—what was it? I determined to find out. Besides, it was sheltered from the wind, which was getting keener every moment, as the short day began to close in. I knew not what it was that urged me on, but I felt a forward impulse, and followed the path for some distance, until a slight bend removed altogether from my view both the buildings I had left behind, and the distant town wall, and brought me to the foot of an ancient terrace.

The solitude was impressive. The storm, which roared amongst the leafless great trees on the terrace overhead, as through the cordage of a ship, could not get down to where I was, except in an occasional gust and eddy, striking a bare branch against a bare stone, as if bent on killing what the winter had robbed; and the soft, moist black loam about me I could fancy to partake of the genius of the place, and derive its richness from accumulated relics of mortality.

Here I paused, marvelling at the Cyclopean proportions of the stones of which the terrace wall was composed. Surely, said I, they were giants who fashioned and put together these huge masses! But what is this! Why, the terrace looks as if it was undermined!

This exclamation was forced from me by my coming suddenly upon a breach, similar to what the waves sometimes make in a sea-wall—that is, the lower courses for some distance appeared to have been removed outwards, the upper remaining hanging together by their own weight, so as to give a cavelike appearance to the aperture.

I had not time, however, to speculate upon the cause of what I saw, for at that instant I perceived, just within the shadow of the opening, the figure of a man kneeling. There is always something startling in stumbling upon the hidden devotions of another. If you add to this, in the stranger's appearance, a stern melancholy of countenance spread over the rigid prominence of protruding bones, scarcely covered by the sallow flesh, and the peculiar expression of eyes, the balls of which seemed, instead of swelling outwards, to hollow inwards, as you look into a rock crystal, some idea of my first sensations may be realized. I felt my heart throb, and drew a step back, in hopes I had not been observed; but the stranger, without turning his eyes in the direction in which I stood, bent towards the sound, and held up one hand, with a motion which seemed to warn me not to go, as well as not to advance.

I obeyed, as if under the spell of a mesmerizer, and stood there for three or four minutes, during which the great bells of the cathedral came down upon us ever and anon, like puffs of smoke. They were, I now for the first time remarked, tolling solemnly—a mournful peal. Presently they ceased; and then the stranger rose, and came out into the entrance of the grotto, towards me. I bowed respectfully, and, in such French as I could muster, apologized for having intruded, however unconsciously, upon his devotions. I now saw that that peculiar expressionless look I had at first remarked could give place to a more searching one. He drew his eyes, as it were, to a focus by an instantaneous effort, and set them burning upon me like a lens; then again retracted them within himself and said, calmly, and almost mournfully—

"The archbishop died an hour ago. I had a

prayer to say for his soul as well as the rest. They prayed before the High Altar—I before Heaven. Where should I pray but *here*?"

"You knew him, perhaps?" I rejoined, scarcely knowing what to say.

"I have known many people, young man. It is not for that alone I knelt under this ruin. But come, sit down here; you, I see, are a stranger—so am I, though a Frenchman. We have thus a bond between us. You are young—I am old. That, too, is a bond. You are guiltless of the last century. Sit down—we can have a word with each other."

The quiet self-possession with which he addressed me, an utter stranger, surprised me. I could only account for it as the result of that one intense, concentrated glance, by which I fancied he had satisfied himself as to my character. But such a man, so nervous, energetic, and decided, must be of no common stamp. Indeed, young and inexperienced as I was, I scarcely needed more than a moment to read thus much.

Whatever it was—whether fear or confidence, or the youthful love of adventure that prevailed with me, I made no demur, but seated myself beside him upon one of the blocks of stone.

"Let us know each other a little better," said he, "and we shall be more at our ease. I ask no particulars of *you*. I will not hear them; for you are too young to be master of your own secrets. All I required, I have discovered. *You are English*. Had I not been satisfied of this, do not suppose you would have been sitting *here, now*!"

"Well. I am."

"Enough. My name you may set down as Jean François Lenoir. I have seen many strange things in my day, young man. Ay, and picked up odd relics from the past, as a man who digs into the bed of a stream will come upon coins, and potsherds, and bones. Here is one, now, so out-of-the-way, that I always carry it about me."

So saying, he held up before me a small gold ornament, apparently designed for the neck; but which, to my inexpressible horror, I perceived at once to be fashioned into the shape of a *guillotine*! I started up—and he rose too; but, instead of entering into an explanation, he stepped over to me, and, taking my hand, led me to the light at the entrance of the grotto, then, holding the ornament so as to exhibit the reverse side, bid me read the inscription there written. It was this—

Ma tête tombe, le cœur reste.

As I read, he looked me steadily in the face; and, as soon as I had pronounced the words, he led me back to my seat, and, placing himself once more beside me, said—

"Now, I have given you the key to my history. Hearken to it, for it contains instruction:—

On the 20th day of October, in the year 1793, I was conducted a prisoner to the Palace of the Luxembourg. They had accused me of the crimes of being rich, noble, and a royalist. My estates having been forfeited, I had been arrested in the provinces, and was now brought up, along with several prisoners of inferior rank, to Paris. As the gate of the Luxembourg closed after me, I resigned all hope of liberation, except by one exit—the scaffold; and secretly determined to seek, if I could, the most solitary recesses of the prison, there to remain shut up with my own thoughts until my time should arrive for removal to the

Conciergerie, and execution. I trusted to what ready money I had the command of for the means of obtaining this indulgence—for the time had not come when the system of *raptotage* had been organized, under which every one of the better class was robbed on entering the prison-gate.

The first person I saw, amidst the crowd who thronged round the wicket, anxious to catch a glimpse of their fellow-sufferers, was Pierre Levasseur, a travelling companion of mine in former years, and afterwards an occasional associate, until something incompatible in our positions in society (for he had not the *cent années*), and then the stormy scenes of the Revolution, had parted us, and I had lost sight of him. He embraced me with the utmost demonstrations of affection, and, taking me by the hand, led me a little apart, and told me that having been some time an inmate of the prison, he could be of great service in introducing me to its customs as well as to its inhabitants, and preventing me making mistakes which might compromise me.

"But," said I, "I have determined to make no acquaintances here. I have friends enough for the rest of my life, I'm sure. If I want to make a last confidence, you are here, my dear Levasseur, and will shrieve me."

"Unless," replied he with a laugh, "I have first to make a confession to *you*, which, in the order of our arrest, is the most likely thing."

"And how came you here?" I inquired, suddenly recollecting that he had never appeared to me a very warm royalist, but, on the contrary, avowed himself, when I parted from him two years before, rather inclined to the popular side.

"Oh, we must not forestall our revelations! We should be at the mercy of each other, you know, if we became confidants *here* until compelled by necessity. Enough for me to say, in a whisper, that Robespierre fancied my linen was finer than his, and, as we employed the same *blanchisseuse*, he thought, I presume, that the best way of reducing my fabric to the texture of his own, was to transfer my *lingerie* to the *laveuses* of the Luxembourg."

"The same extravagant *drôle* as ever!" I exclaimed, recognizing the *esprit railleur* I had so often observed and rebuked. "Take care that your nonsense does not get you into a scrape. I am told that there are eyes and ears busy hereabouts!"

"Hush! I know it; but I know, too, that the best way of disarming suspicion is to be frank, careless, and jovial. Do you think, now," continued he, lowering his voice to a distinct whisper, at the same time putting his mouth so close to my ear, that he had to lift up my hair for the purpose—"do you think that you could form any guess amongst the persons about us, as to that character we are all so much in dread of—the *agent of the police*?"

"I don't know," replied I, venturing a stealthy look round me, which I instantly withdrew, adding—"Is it safe to scrutinize people? You confirm my suspicions as to our being watched."

"Scarcely safe, I believe," he replied; "but they *have* a few marks, nevertheless. For instance, when you see a man sitting gloomily apart, avoiding much converse with the prisoners, and noticing neither the motions nor the conversation of the groups which pass him by, you may be pretty sure that that man is a spy of Fouquier's. Upon such a fellow as me, now, they have an uncommonly

sharp eye; but I laugh at them, and they can make nothing of me. Whatever evidence exists against me outside, they shall add nothing to it here, I promise you. You must act as I do, my dear friend. Come into society (for we have our society here); address every one, get all you can out of them; make your own observations in silence, and if you want to pass remarks, come to me. Ten to one, my superior knowledge of character, gained here at the foot of the scaffold, which strips off all masks, will stand you instead. And now, remember, there is a select reunion this very evening in the *Salle des Pleurs*, as we have named it. A few of the better order, as it used to be called—you know what that means—meets there, so I will direct (request, I beg his pardon) my peculiar little turnkey to summon you to that apartment at the usual hour, and there you will meet me, and some others of the *missing aristocracy of France*!"

I was amazed at the levity of Levasseur under such circumstances; still, I was young myself, naturally high-spirited, and was greatly reassured by meeting an old acquaintance where I had so little expected it; so, after a moment's hesitation, I abandoned my original design, and surrendered myself to my friend's invitation.

As soon as we had separated, however, my mind relapsed into despondency. The execution of Marie Antoinette had taken place only a few days before. When I first heard of it, my soul had boiled over with vengeance, but by this time its effect was only to aggravate and deepen my dejection. Besides, the terrible reality of my situation forced itself upon me through every chink of my senses. It was now that I felt, for the first time, the iron of captivity enter into my soul. Pallid and emaciated faces peered spectrally into mine, as if they envied me the flush of health I had borne in among them from the world without, and could not communicate. A confused wrangling, consequent on over-crowded accommodation, incessantly met my ears; a contention in which every loftier feeling proper to man as a member of society, gives way to the one grovelling instinct of self, degrading his high humanity down to the level of the brutes. The forced intermixture of ranks and grades, previously dissociated by a natural arrangement assented to on both sides, displayed its effects in fierce and humiliating collisions, in which the great social drama of the Revolution was enacted on a small and mean scale under my eyes. I might easily enter into detail. Here and there a group lay apart, unconscious, apparently, of the terrible tumult around. The messenger of death had come to these—had taken one, or two, or more away to the Conciergerie, never to be heard of more. I saw one man, who seemed to be the survivor of a family; for even the wretches expecting their own fate, pitied him. He sat still, in a ray of sunshine, a thing which the full blaze of day was powerless to recuscitate.—But why torture you with all this! It is past—and here am I.

Evening came, and, instead of the turnkey, appeared Levasseur himself. He suspected I might make excuses, or be unable to muster my spirits, and determined, he said, to use his own influence. I saw it was useless to resist; so I rose from my seat, leaned on his arm, and passed along the corridor to the *Salle des Pleurs*.

I entered; and found myself in an ill-lighted but spacious hall, furnished with some rude chairs, tables, and benches, in which were already as-

sembled probably more than one hundred persons. It was at once perceptible that here, though a prisoner, I was in elevated society. The eye of one accustomed to mix with the world detects, almost at a glance, and under any disguise, the grade of the company it surveys. Besides, mine was not wanting in quickness, and at that time, though uninstructed as yet, possessed in full vigor those natural powers it learned afterwards to turn to better account. I saw that, in spite of those dim lamps, and iron bars, and rude benches, I stood amongst the nobility of France, and, like a true aristocrat, my heart and courage instantly bounded within me. I felt that amidst the convulsion of society it was still permitted me to associate with the ancient blood of an ancient kingdom, and I scarcely cared even though I were to suffer the penalty of having its current flowing through my veins, so I were permitted to the last to enjoy the exquisite privileges its participation afforded me.

"But, M. Lenoir," interrupted I, "you had not previously informed me of your being noble?"

"Nor had I intended to do so," replied he, after a moment's pause, drawing a long breath, as the strain was taken off his memory; "you have made an unconscious discovery amidst my revelations. Few older families existed even then—none exist now within this kingdom—than the *Vicomtes de Martigny*, of which I was the sole representative."

"De Martigny!" cried I. "Why, they belonged to this very province!"

"To this spot, almost," he replied. "Their estates were bounded on two sides by the walls of Tours, and extended across to the lordship of Montbazou. But what of that! They are gone; and he who might have transmitted them, he, too, will go; and with him, the last claimant who could have recovered them. I stand here, the sole survivor of my race!"

I looked with a degree of reverence upon this solitary representative of a long line of nobles, many anecdotes relating to whom I had heard during my residence in Tours, and who were always spoken of as the *Grands Seigneurs* of the district.

"Let me ask a question," said I, "arising out of your disclosures. How comes it that you live alone, under an assumed name, and yet remain here, where you are likely to be most easily recognized?"

"You will understand the reason before I have done. My immediate object in living as I do, and in renouncing my proper title, is to elude the curiosity and the kindness of those who have nothing to discover which I would not keep concealed, and can offer no consolation that could repair the past."

I entered the Hall of Tears (as with a ghastly conceit they named their place of meeting), and was recognized by more than one of the personages assembled there. Woe was imprinted on the visages of many of these; a reckless hilarity lighted up the countenances of a few of the younger men, but most of them retained their ordinary cheerfulness and vivacity unimpaired and unexaggerated; and all, without exception, appeared to preserve the lofty and chivalrous demeanor which might be deemed hereditary in their families, and had, at all events, become a second nature. For me to have appeared otherwise than myself in such a society, would have been derogatory to my pretensions—so in a few moments I

fell in with the spirit of the assemblage, and, shutting my eyes to the gloomy accessories, strove to imagine myself once more in one of the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germaine.

What struck me as most singular, though in keeping with the name of this hall, was, that many of the ladies present wore as ornaments, either on their heads, round their necks, or on their bosoms, pieces of jewellery significant in their forms of the horrors that surrounded and awaited them. One exhibited a chain and padlock bracelet, another a dagger through her hair, and a third a skull and cross-bones as a brooch. A shudder ran through me as I observed this grim pleasantry associated with death; and though I learned at last to look upon these emblems with indifference—nay, with something less than indifference, as you shall hear—yet it took some time to reconcile me to the fashion.

Levasseur stuck close to my elbow, and watched the effect of what I witnessed, as it depicted itself upon my countenance. He gave me credit more than once for my steadiness of nerve under circumstances so trying and so novel, and at the same time satisfied my curiosity, every now and then, by recounting anecdotes and incidents relating to the more remarkable of the personages who approached and receded from us.

"There; do you see that reserved, downcast-looking body, with the tonsure of a monk only half overgrown by the locks of a *sans-culotte*? He seems to think that society is a mistake, now that it is likely to lose him so soon. That is the *ci-devant* Abbé Fauchet, who will probably remove his gravity from hence to the Conciergerie in a day or two. He figures, you know, among the Girondin worthies, who seem so indignant that their turn should come at last for the guillotine."

"What! a Girondin!" exclaimed I; "are they actually in the room?"

"To be sure. The noblesse admits them on the score of their youth and approaching dissolution. See, here we have another of them, for they are gregarious. He is hobbling up on his crutches to cheer up Fauchet. That is Sillery; a jolly dog to the last."

"Where is Vergniaud?" I whispered, unable to repress the interest I felt in the theme of all tongues.

"We must go further up the room to reach him," replied Levasseur. "He and Ducos have contrived to excite pretty nearly as violent a *furor* amongst the *grandes dames* as they formerly did *chez les dames de la halle*; and can never manage to get, even in prison, a moment's peace, or what *they* would call peace; that is, solitude."

I could scarcely refrain from a smile at this wild travesty of the classic sentiment, and advanced into the hall until I reached the circle, in the midst of which stood Vergniaud, Ducos, and Fonfrède. For a moment I could not help feeling a flush of triumph at seeing these firebrands themselves the victims of their own exterminating frenzy. The next, I stood spell-bound like the rest, listening to such a flow of eloquence from the lips of the principal speaker as no experience of my life had ever prepared me for. It was not the excited extravagance of mere declamation you so often listen to, full of florid luxuriance upon a dead level, like a tropical forest. Vergniaud spoke like a philosopher and a man of the world as well as an orator. Every exalted theme he discussed

by turns; and when the poetic youth, Ducos, illustrating the subject Vergniaud had last touched upon—namely, the miseries of France and the unhappy dangers into which young and gifted spirits had been drawn by their patriotism—uttered, with the fervor of a martyr, that fine sentiment of Corneille's—

La plus douce esperance est de perdre l'espoir,

the eye of the speaker bent upon him with an expression of sympathizing affection, which seemed to go to the hearts of the listening group around, and certainly disarmed mine for the moment of some of its prejudices.

"Come, come," cried Levasseur, jogging my elbow, "it will not do to have you embrace the Gironde *contre cœur*. Were Madame Roland here to-night, indeed, there might be some excuse for you. She, alas! has taken a most extraordinary and unaccountable aversion to me, do you know; and, when I appear here, seldom honors us with her presence. But, see, away goes Vergniaud turning on his heel, and after him sails that most aristocratic provincial neighbor of yours, the Marquis de la Cour Cheverny, in a flood of ancestral tears. Young Montmorenci follows her, with a vinaigrette and heart at her service. Ah! you see, Vicomte, they cannot bar the Faubourg out, after all!"

Here Levasseur laughed softly, with the discreet hilarity of an *habitué* of these prison festivities.

"Levasseur! Levasseur! be serious, I entreat of you. This is, not the place for such levity!"

My remonstrance was prompted by the entrance of two persons.

One of them was an elderly lady, the other a young one. As soon as they had entered, an ecclesiastic, of dignified demeanor, whose face I did not see at the time, but who seemed to have been expecting them, moved over towards them, as if to afford them the protection their sex and unprotected condition had need of in such an assemblage as this.

They were dressed differently from the rest of the company, who most of them contrived still to adorn themselves in what might be called, by courtesy, the fashion of the day, even as far as paint, patches, and powder, to say nothing of the ominous jewellery they wore. A sepulchral simplicity marked these ladies. The elder wore a plain gray robe, and a plain cap covering her gray locks. The younger was in spotless white, with an extraordinary weight of what is called black hair, but which in northern nations is more frequently dark brown, drawn away from her brow, and falling in shadows of lustrous intricacy upon her neck and shoulders. It would be a vain task to describe her face. At the time, I could not have even made the attempt; and if I afterwards knew her marble complexion and Grecian features by heart, it was in that moment but a wonderful and radiant embodiment of loveliness that I saw, penetrating without definite outlines the tissues of my imagination. At the instant she entered, a rich voice from amongst the company was just giving the minor motive of the then favorite aria by Gluck, "*Che farò*;" and that form, to my excited fancy, seemed to start out of the melody, as if born of grief and loveliness; so that when the strain ended, I expected to see her, too, vanish with the song, and leave memory like an echo ringing in my heart. It was not till the sounds had been lost

in the deepening hum of voices that I could utter—

"My friend—who—what are these?"

"I knew you would be on wires as soon as Alphonsine entered," exclaimed my companion, without fully answering my question. "She has turned our heads here already, and must, if she has a fair trial, soften the heart even of the great Rhadamantus of the Hotel de Ville."

I felt this levity to be more than out of place—to be revolting. Still, I must not, I knew, judge the unhappy throng around me by the rules of a world from which they were, most of them, forever shut out. Accordingly, I contented myself with repeating my question.

"These are aunt and niece," replied he. "Noble, and all that—the St. Lucs. The elder lady's husband, Alphonsine's uncle, has already had his last promenade upon the fatal cart. These two are charged with 'complicité,' and when their turn comes will, no doubt, follow in procession, unless they have better success than Custine's daughter. Meanwhile, let us make the most of them. They lend salt to our '*pleurs*,' and do all that mortals—or immortals—can to reconcile us to iron bars and stone walls. You must not be known not to know them. Come along, the archbishop must give place for this once."

So saying, and without affording me time to collect my thoughts, he dragged me by the arm up to the ladies, who seemed already to have gathered a respectful and sympathizing circle about them. He made his obeisance with a deferential courtesy, strangely contrasted—to me, who had just heard the remarks he had made—with his true sentiments; and was proceeding to introduce me, when just at that moment I caught a glimpse of the clergyman that had at first joined them, and, to my surprise, discovered him to be the archbishop of the province to which I belonged, the excellent and loyal M. de Montblanc. Our mutual recognition was at once pleasurable and painful. I threw myself at his feet, and the excellent prelate shed tears over my youthful captivity. When I raised myself up, I observed the eyes of the younger of the two ladies resting upon me with a mournful expression, and, turning towards Levasseur, saw upon his countenance the last traces of a smile, which he had not intended to have left lingering there so long. As it was, he took my hand, and gallantly kneeling before the two ladies, presented, with an extravagance of gesture looking very like a caricature of the *ancien régime*, Citizen le Vicomte de Martigny!

The archbishop seized my other hand, and, without seeming to notice the overstrained acting of my companion, spoke my name over again, adding some words of delicate commendation—dictated, I felt, more by his kindness, and the interest he had evinced in my family, than by any deserts of mine.

I look back with astonishment at the intensity of the glow which I felt pervading my whole soul—at the magnificence of the conflagration kindled within me by the consciousness felt at the instant and in its full energy, that now, at the portals of the grave, as it were, I had for the first time met with the fulfilment of my destiny, the substance of that shadow of love my whole previous life had been one vain pursuit of. It is possible, young man, that no human being in a less desperate emergency could have all the aspirations of his nature so completely and instantaneously embodied

before him. Life was condensed, as we believed, from years into hours. The world was compressed within the boundaries of our prison. Our career was to be accomplished in a few actions, for which we scarcely had time. Our destiny was cooped up in a few fierce feelings, crowding to rend their barriers within our breasts. I received the image before me into my heart as a revelation from heaven—a great light, which I only knew to be light, too dazzling for me to look at. It passed in, blinding me on its way. I could scarcely say what it was I worshipped.

This powerful heart-stroke carried with it the reciprocating conviction which alone could make the sensation endurable. I felt that the shock was mutual—that the electric current of passion could not rend one bosom so completely, without a corresponding rift in the other. To have doubted this would have been death. And, as after knowledge showed me that these subtle influences, while they transcend reason, act in strict conformity with it, so now, in very truth, I had divined aright in the midst of my bewilderment. Oh mighty force of one master passion! Terrific and fatal power, which lightens and blasts at the same moment, according to what inscrutable law are thy thunderbolts turned loose amongst mankind! To what end was it, mighty Creator! if not to vindicate thy superseded worship, that the swift and merciful axe cut off the authors of our woes, while upon us was wreaked the slow vengeance which has cast *her* bones *here*, and still binds *me* fast to life, like a malefactor chained to the oar which strains without liberating him!

The wretched man, as he alluded to the fate of the woman appearing to be thus idolized, had seized my arm, and when he shrieked the word "*here*," pointed with his skinny finger to the ground at our feet—which caused me to start up—but the next moment set me upon endeavoring, in the midst of my excitement, to form some conjecture as to the cause of his haunting this spot, coupling what he had now uttered with some expressions used previously. I immediately perceived, however, that there was not enough revealed as yet to justify any plausible surmise, so I turned once more in the attitude of anxious attention towards the exhausted narrator, on whose forehead big drops of sweat stood out.

Let us hasten on, my son. Hasten as I may, I cannot make my relations as rapidly as time flew. Nearly four months had gone over our heads as prisoners in the Luxembourg, and still, though the Angel of Death entered those gloomy dungeons day after day, laying his finger of blood upon victim after victim right and left of us, upon our shoulders his touch had not yet descended. We had survived, as it seemed to us, whole generations of mankind. From the young and gifted Girondins, and the regicide Orleans, to the very turnkeys themselves, all had been swept off to the guillotine, and new victims and new guolers were still brought in to pass their probation for the scaffold. The festivities which we had affected to make a microcosm of the precincts of our prison-house, had died with the projectors of them. To us, and with new-comers, it became flat and wearisome, this attempt to reëact gayeties which only reminded us of our losses. In the Conciergerie, it is true, those who had been brought so far on their way to the grave still made wild sport of their last hours, in the dead of each night rehearsing the ghastly tragedy they were to per-

form on the morrow. Suppressed laughter floated through the empty corridors, and troubled the sleep of the conscience-ridden gaolers, making them lie closer, as they half believed that the ghosts of headless tenants were rejoicing at the ample repasts preparing for the tomb they had descended into. But here we had neither hope nor despair enough for such things. Life for us had become a dream—a sepulchral shadow, under which silence alone flourished. The discipline having become stricter, we could not, indeed, have indulged in all the relaxations once open to us; but the stringency of their rules was an unnecessary severity. Our spirits had descended to the level of their requisitions before ever they had been devised.

A question, I know, by this time suggests itself to you—how did all this act upon the feelings and affections of two individuals thrown together as spectators of such horrors! A curious speculation, no doubt. It was the fire mighty to separate the gold from the dross. We bore the test. Happiness hovered over us both like a commiserating angel, not quite daring to alight upon us, but without once winging its way out of sight. To me no period of life, before or since, has equalled that in felicity. For her, I believe, I may answer with equal confidence. If the chamber of life was dark and vaulted, there was a window through which each could look into a world, and deem it its own. The barriers which shut out heaven and earth, had left to us our eyes, and left us together. Into these luminaries we looked for light, and saw in them perspectives, heights, depths, distances, glories, sufficient for the amplest aspirations of two beings like us joined, fused now, in the furnace of adversity, into one. We had sworn upon a token I had given her—one devised in accordance with the spirit of the strange and half-sepulchral world we lived in—the token I have already exhibited to you—to be true to each other until divided by its stroke. The vow was intended to strengthen our hearts, and fortify them against the worst fate we apprehended—though not the worst that awaited us. I had no hope, no wish, no thought, beyond where I was. She pastured upon my looks; and though her paleness had become mortal, her flush hectic, and the gleam of her eyes meteoric, nothing boded that she was not blessed, and might not be immortal, in her present condition.

The demeanor of Levasseur during the period we have come to, was puzzling. He made friends and intimates on all sides, and succeeded, by his appearance of sympathy and the pliancy of his character, in gaining the confidence of those most opposed to each other in station and opinion. He was always occupied, if not in the large common apartments, in the more secluded parts of the palace; and the very turnkeys appeared to exhibit towards him a deference which they refused to more exalted personages. As fresh arrests took place, the new comers found in him a ready and instant sympathizer, and when at last the summons of death came (for such everybody felt the removal to the Conciergerie to be), he took leave of the departing wretches with every demonstration of commiseration, frequently remarking to us how bitter a drop it was in the cup of his captivity that so many of those with whom he had formed the closest intimacy, were amongst the number thus selected for sacrifice. It became a common topic, indeed, with the survivors, this ill-omened peculiarity respecting him; and we should have

been more ready, perhaps, under some superstitious feeling, to dissociate ourselves from his society, but for the dread that was uppermost with us all of having it supposed, by any withdrawal from each other, that we might be classed with those retiring and morose individuals whom he had himself taught us to suspect of being implicated with the police in their system of *espionage*.

Alphonsine alone manifested a reserve towards Levasseur. I could not comprehend this; and occasionally rallied him upon it. He turned off the subject with a laugh; and only redoubled his assiduities in his usual sarcastic style, which won upon so many and amused all. As for me, I kept nothing from him—my heart was as open as the sun to his gaze.

The 10th of February, 1794, was the day fixed upon for our flight—yes, that was a thing arranged. Her aunt Madame de St. Luc, and the archbishop, were to accompany us. Levasseur was to remain; but told us he had reason to calculate upon following us ere long. It is unnecessary to tell you how all this was brought about. Our names seemed to have been forgotten in the vast number of later arrests, and day after day had come, without placing us upon the list of the proscribed. What interest was made for us, it is as little needful that you should hear; you may believe it was powerful—and that it was woman's. With that one woman rested the generosity of the action—with the man whom she influenced, the treachery, if treachery it must be deemed. I am not called upon to tell you wonders unconnected with my own history; but I might well excite your astonishment. Well, let it pass. Had my distempered and gangrened fancy contented itself with accepting the manna from the hand of Providence, without thrusting its own miserable devices between Heaven and its bounty we might—but, who knows! "*Ceux qui ont avancé que tout est bien, ont dit une sottise; il fallait dire que tout est aux mieux.*"

A fierce hilarity buoyed up my spirits as the day approached. I had difficulty in keeping this under control in the presence of my fellow-prisoners. Alphonsine did not share in it. On the contrary, she was grave and pensive, and wept occasionally. She said she had a foreboding that she should never be as happy elsewhere as she had been within the walls of the Luxembourg. It was arranged that we should make our way to Tours, where the archbishop possessed the means of concealing us until better times. We were to be married as soon as we arrived there; or, if this plan should not succeed, so soon as he could procure the material means of solemnizing that sacrament.

Why was Alphonsine sad?—My mind was feverishly active. The times were wild. Our plan was desperate. Was she true! Shall I try her! It was the suggestion of an instant. Another moment had decided me to put her to the proof. "She would leave happiness in the prison," were her words. Who was remaining behind! Why, of our intimates, only Levasseur. Infernal thought! How had this never occurred to me before! Nothing more likely. He was ever of our party. He would not speak of her. True, she avoided him in my presence, and his very attentions were tinged with something of bitterness. But what of that! The thing was—not plain, perhaps, but probable—probable. I will test him to the quick. He shall aid me in the business himself!

I was sitting in the depth of a window, with my back to the light, leaning against iron bars, pondering these things. Levasseur entered;—I sprang up, and laid a hand upon each of his shoulders—

"Levasseur, *mon garçon*, we are off, if all succeeds, to-night, you know."

"Well! Yes, you are."

"You are sorry, infernally sorry—eh?"

"Yes; it will make a difference to me for a time."

"Oh, I know. Suppose we enliven the scene, to keep up our spirits!"

"Enliven the scene!—How?"

"Take a lesson from the Conciergerie; enact a drama, or something of the sort."

"I don't understand you, De Martigny. Don't let the people see you so *ébloui*, or they will suspect something."

"Women are not always what they look."

"Sometimes they are better."

"Sometimes, Levasseur, sometimes. Old Madame de St. Luc, for instance.—Eh?"

"Quite as good, at all events."

"Can we be sure of *any* of them?"

"You can, I suppose. For myself, I have seen too much of the world to be anything but a sceptic on such points."

"Then you do not entirely believe in Alphonsine?"

"Ha, ha! I knew what all this was coming to. A discreet question to put to a friend!"

"That is the point. I want to try her."

"Try her!" he exclaimed, disengaging himself from my grasp. "How is that to be done?"

"Oh, easily. Parbleu! it will be such a famous preparation for the journey! Now, *you* can help me in this."

Fool that I was! I might have seen in the sudden introversion of his eyes, so well remembered afterwards, what that man's soul was made of. They drew back, as it were, deep beneath his brows, and glowed with a flickering, suspicious gleam, which he could neither control nor conceal.

All this I laid at the instant to a distrust of his own powers of assisting me, or, at most, to a momentary unwillingness to implicate himself in any new difficulty or adventure. I gave him time to recover—and lost forever the golden opportunity of unmasking him.

"Yes! you can help me. The postern towards the gardens will be opened this night at twelve o'clock by an unknown agent. An outer gate will likewise be unguarded. We have the password. Disguises and places of concealment are prepared. A guide awaits us. I have till midnight to put Alphonsine to the proof. If I let that hour pass I shall never know her—*never*, Levasseur. Her heart I feel to be my own. Look at me, Levasseur. You know we need not put her *affection* to the test; but she may not be proof against terror. Muffle yourself in a disguise; touch her on the shoulder, Levasseur, as she passes to her cell; say she must come to the Conciergerie; that if she utters an exclamation or arouses her friends, all must accompany her; that she must, therefore, be silent, and *acquiesce*. Then tell her that her only chance of evading the horrible fate yawning before her, is by revealing what she knows *concerning me*—what are my sentiments on public affairs—what intrigues I am a party to, and, generally, what secrets I have to divulge. Let this

go on, until her inmost heart is probed; *and then, and not till then*, release her. The trial will be a sharp and terrible one, but it will be final and complete."

Levasseur hesitated, meditated,—and undertook the task. As for me, I felt a wild elation, agonizing as if my own trial had been at hand, and compounded of I know not what of distrust, excitement, alarm, recklessness, passion, and revenge. Utter confusion was in my breast.

The scene was fixed for eleven o'clock, after the turnkeys had gone their rounds, and when the galleries were deserted. Young man, I had my own plan within the other. Do not suppose I believed that I should have satisfied myself by leaving the trial in Levasseur's hands. No; I had not informed him of the interior secret, which was, that *I should be myself a concealed witness of the seizure and examination of Alphonsine*.

In the shadow of an arched niche some of the prisoners had set up a crucifix of overgrown proportions, before which, in passing to and from their cells, they might stop to offer a hurried prayer. Behind this crucifix the darkness was complete, and, as it was close to the place arranged for the arrest, I ensconced myself there. The only ray, indeed, which reached the spot, struggled from a coarse lamp, hung at a considerable distance in an angle, where it was contrived to throw its feeble light down two diverging galleries. As the moment approached, I trembled all over; the joints of my knees refused their office, my trepidation being increased by the apprehension that my very nervousness might betray my concealment, and frustrate my scheme. Listening for every sound, I heard at a distance the rumbling of the fatal cart, usually arriving at this unobserved hour from the Conciergerie for those wretches who were next to undergo examination before the revolutionary tribunal. Presently it came into the yard, and stopped; and then my ear, rendered acute by the silence and the morbid disturbance of my nerves, became conscious of sounds from distant cells, mumbled whispers of plotting fellow-prisoners, agonized ejaculations of solitary prayer, the moaning hum of disturbed sleep; nay, I even fancied I could catch ever and anon the more remote clank of a chain, as some unhappy wretch in the vaults beneath the palace turned himself round in the darkness. From without, there came to my ear now and then, as if borne upon a breeze, the hushed thunder of the great city, like the premonitory voices of a volcano whose long inactivity is about to have its term at last. By-and-by, an owl blundered against the stone-work of the window at the end of the passage, and startled me. I had scarcely recovered from this, when I heard a stealthy step approach, and, a little further removed, a light but firm foot-fall following in the same direction.

The stealthy step drew near, stopped close to me, and I could see the outlines of a figure cloaking itself. Scarcely had it time to draw aside when the other came up; and the first, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as Levasseur's, suddenly emerged into the middle of the passage, and confronted the advancing figure. A faint shriek issued from the lips of Alphonsine—for it was she; but she immediately recovered herself, and demanded with firmness who barred her passage.

"One," said Levasseur, disguising his voice

with considerable skill, "who has your life and death in his hands. Follow me."

"Not unless forced to do so," said Alphonsine, in a low, agitated whisper. "I know you not—and am passing to my cell."

"But I know you; and am come to offer you better lodgings—at the Conciergerie. Come, citoyenne, we allow of no leave-takings, and you will not want many changes of raiment. Come along with me, and come quietly—do you hear? The quieter the better, for others as well as yourself."

"Oh, my God! must I go—alone!"

"Certainly not, mademoiselle. You can have all your friends along with you. You have only to rouse them up by uproar, a struggle, shrieks, or the like, to place me under the disagreeable necessity of forming a gang of the whole family party, and taking you off together in the tumbril which is waiting for us down below in the court."

"Hush! I'm silent. Don't breathe a word. If I must go, God's will be done. One prayer before this crucifix, and I am ready."

"What! And you make so little of it! Do you know whither I am to conduct you?"

"I know it well. To ignominy, torture, and death. Alone, unfriended, and unheard of, shall the unhappy Alphonsine endure the most terrible of fates. To endure it she will be torn from all that her life holds dear, from those for whom she would suffer a thousand deaths. I know it well. But—breathe not a word; they sleep sound. I will make my prayer with silent lips—then let me depart."

So saying, she was about to throw herself down at the foot of the cross behind which I stood, when Levasseur, casting off his disguise, seized her in his arms, and exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with suppressed emotion—

"No, Alphonsine; not for this am I come. Let the divinity of reason within your own heart be favorable, and plead for me. I have much to reveal—of myself, of others. Listen to me, who can speak and answer; and turn from that image, before which you might pour forth your supplications forever without response or succor. Who, think you, has sent me here, to accost and confront you in this lonely cloister? You dare not answer, though I understand your misgivings. The loved, trusted, faultless De Martigny!"

A faint exclamation burst from the lips of the girl as she drew back from his embrace.

"Ay, De Martigny. He believes you false; he does not understand you—he never understood you. Selfish, even in his predilections, he now seeks to test you in this cruel manner, as much, perhaps, to seek evidence against you, and a plausible excuse for—shall I say!—deserting you!"

Alphonsine gave signs of faintness, and supported herself against the masonry of the wall. It was too dark for me to see her face, though she was close to me, but I could hear the heart beat.

"Or, perhaps," continued he, relaxing the strain when it appeared too violent, "it is only levity; though methinks it is a cruel game to play. You are going to run away with him this night—at least so you think. Perhaps he thinks so, too. Is it to happiness you are going! Just reflect upon this scheme. Suppose it never went farther. Is it for this man—the man who devised all this torture—is he the one for whom you are prepared to risk so much? I see you pause—you reflect. You have need to do so—far greater need

than you imagine. Harken! do you know me? Have you ever heard for what crime I was thrust in here, or why I have not followed Vergniaud, Madame Roland, and the rest to the guillotine? Ask Fouquier-Tinville who I am. Put the same question to Danton—to Robespierre. Dost thou suppose the rulers of the destinies of France are not represented within these walls? or only represented by gaolers and turnkeys? I have thy life—*your lives*—in my hand. A turn this way, and you are safe—a turn the other, and you are under the bloody axe. He has betrayed you—*be mine!*"

"Yours?" feebly ejaculated Alphonsine, scarcely able to stand, or utter the word.

"Yes—mine. Reassure yourself. Your ridiculous plot I have taken the means of frustrating. It never had a chance of succeeding. Should the attempt be made, and fail, you are all swept to execution. Let it drop. Nothing will happen to your aunt and friends—in short, to *him*. They will remain here as before; and when peace is proclaimed, they will be free. A short time—a very short time—will show you what stuff *he* is made of. Come with me. You know that long before this fickle fool appeared amongst us, I was devoted to you. I have never ceased to be at your feet. Yes; through the whole humiliation of this hated rival's courtship, never for an instant did I relinquish my claim upon the heart of Alphonsine. Let her now understand constancy—and reward it."

"Reward it, sir!"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! I have earned something; your reason must tell you so. Come then, fairest, dearest Alphonsine! A word from me is our passport beyond these gloomy walls, into safety and happiness."

"Begone!" she exclaimed, in a hollow voice, hoarse with indignation, spurning him from her with a gesture I judged to be a blow.

He staggered back towards the crucifix—and *me*—I heard, or rather felt, his breast heave with rage.

"Miserable woman!" he muttered; "think you that the supercilious caprice of a court can find here an appropriate field of action! Do you nourish the delusion that heroism, as you may name it, will in these gloomy cloisters preserve the victim an hour from the Barrière du Trône! Humble yourself woman! not to this stump of idolatry here, but at Levasseur's feet, and implore him not to drag you through the streets by the hair of your head to the guillotine!"

"Villain! in this hour of anguish and horror, I tell thee that I despise thee more than I hate the sanguinary gang whose spy thou boastedst to be. And here I, Alphonsine de St. Luc, knowing I am to die, yet stand prouder, and purer, and more joyful at heart before the effigy of my crucified Saviour, as the affianced bride of that Charles de Martigny whom thou falsely malignest, than thy masters ever did at the shrine of the Reason their deeds have outraged, and in the face of a heaven that sickens at the blood they have spilt!"

"Call, then, upon thy God, or upon Charles de Martigny, which thou pleasest, for all other help is in vain."

"Oh, Charles! oh God!" cried Alphonsine, as she sprang forward, with the intention, it was evident, of embracing the crucifix. Levasseur threw himself between it and her—and at the same instant my hands were round his throat with

so deadly a gripe that he was at once deprived of all power either to utter or to resist. There I held him paralyzed—and was about to call Alphonsine by name, when the continuing immobility and rigidity of the figure I clutched, shot a sudden conviction into my mind—and I was silent. Agitation, and darkness, and meditated crime, make a man susceptible of any extravagant impression. Circumstances afterwards gave strong corroboration to the judgment formed at that instant. *I was satisfied that Levasseur believed himself to have been seized by the figure on the cross!*

Had I addressed Alphonsine, indeed, my words would have fallen upon unhearing ears. She had dropped senseless to the floor.

I now ventured to glance round at Levasseur's face. There was light enough to show that it was swollen, livid. The eyeballs stared and were bloodshot; the tongue protruded; blood trickled from the nose. I had no weapon, but I raised him up by main strength, without relaxing my grasp, and dashed him upon the stone floor at the foot of the crucifix; and where I cast him he lay, irredeemable now—in my fury I exulted to think—even by Him whose emblem hung above him. I then took the fainting form of Alphonsine in my arms, and bore it to Madame de St. Luc's cell.

We escaped. Why need I dwell on these things! Paris, the faubourgs, the villages, floated off behind us, like a misty and lamp-lit dream. We scarcely knew more than that the breath of heaven fanned our burning temples. If at times a recollection of what we had left came upon the horizon of our imagination like a spectral chase, it only urged us the more madly forward in our flight, and forced the breeze more revivingly against our brows.

We turned our faces southwards. As long as it was night, we kept the high road; and so long we were able to avail ourselves of a conveyance. But when daylight appeared this had to be relinquished, and then the fields and the farm-houses afforded us tracks and a shelter. The simplest things, emblems of the country and of freedom, drew tears from our eyes. Our feelings had all been intensified in proportion to the paucity of objects we had to exercise them upon; and now the sight of a peasant driving his team in the fallow, a milk-maid returning home with her pail; nay, even the kine ruminating in the pasture, the very trees and grass waving in the breeze, kindled irrepressible emotions within our hearts. On the way I made full confession to the heroic creature of my cruel suspicions, of my employment of Levasseur, of my own counter-plan—of all that to her was still inexplicable. I made no attempt at extenuation. I could only confess myself utterly unworthy of her, and acknowledge that my bitterest punishment was to learn how faultless was the object I had presumed to suspect of a taint of earthly corruption. She wept as I recounted these things, received my explanations with a heavenly tenderness, smiled sadly at my doubts—and forgave me. We were too new to life, and too uncertain of its lasting, to waste time upon anything but the great love that possessed us.

We had to trust ourselves to numerous individuals. It was a slender chance our reaching Tours untrayed. Terror reigned around; and when occasionally we were constrained to ask for shelter in some remote and humble homestead, even where it was afforded, paleness and trembling seized upon the inmates, and we were dismissed with furtive

haste, leaving dread and disquiet behind us, as if a crime had been committed upon the premises.

Besides, I could not help experiencing a sort of boding apprehension, coupling itself with the revelations of the wretch Levasseur. Suppose him dead, had his agents already received instructions to act, and were we to be the victims of posthumous malignity! It was plain that he had had his reason for not having us swept away in the usual course to the Conciergerie. Perhaps he judged that he should have a freer stage for the accomplishment of his iniquitous designs outside the prison walls. It was easy to understand his hints as to seeing us soon again. Now the question arose, on the supposition that he was dead, should we change our course at once? I did not hesitate to decide against doing so. We had a plan laid, the only one which afforded rational grounds of hope, but which might have been thwarted by the machinations of a traitor. He being dead, we had so much the better chance of success, since under no circumstances could his emissaries act without communicating with him—these not being times for men to compromise themselves without the warrant of influential instigators. But suppose him alive—I would not allow myself to speculate upon this alternative at all. The thing, I insisted, was impossible. Nevertheless, prudence constrained us so far to deviate from our plan, as to make Tours only a first halting-place, with the design of penetrating at once further into the west, where we should be more out of the reach of pursuit.

We arrived here safely: the archbishop had made his plans previously, and contrived matters so, that a passage leading from the palace underground was open for us; and the secret oratory which existed in the spot where we now stand, received the wearied party of fugitives on the night of their arrival. Then for the first time since our departure from the prison were we able to collect our thoughts, and devise means for our ultimate safety.

Our plans were as follows. We were to remain where we were for the night, and the next day the archbishop and I, after ascertaining as well as we could the state of public feeling in Tours, were to proceed down the river to the retired hamlet of Luynes, and there engage one of the flat-bottomed boats that ply on the river, which was to be ready for us—that is, for Alphonsine, her aunt, and myself—to embark on the same night, and follow the current of the Loire in the direction of La Vendée, where we believed we should find friends, and were likely to obtain an asylum. But before we set out upon our voyage, the exemplary prelate, who had thus far been our guide, protector, and friend, was to perform for us a last service, and within this apartment unite my adored Alphonsine and me in the holy bond of wedlock.

Look about you, young man. Does this look like an asylum of refuge—a bridal chamber? Behold these gigantic blocks, dislocated as if by an arm still more gigantic, and ask yourself whether an ordinary frenzy, even of destruction, could have wrought the ruin you see!

The next morning arose, serene and bright. As Alphonsine and I ascended from the apartments beneath into the secluded gardens of the Archevêché, and for the first time looked upon the enchantment of heaven and earth in freedom and together, we felt our souls overpowered, and stood long in speechlessness under the open sky, unable to do more than silently inhale an atmosphere of

happiness almost too rare for our subdued spirits. I then turned towards Alphonsine, and perceived the tears coursing down her marble cheeks.

"Oh! my well beloved," cried I; "give this day at least to smiles, and let the current of our destiny, if it must form to itself a channel of tears, flow round the tranquil island of this present happiness, even though it meet to-morrow, to unite the past and the future in one stream of sorrow!"

I could not adopt another tone, though I felt how impossible it was for such language to establish confidence within her breast. We had gone through too much—our fortunes had been of too eventful and too terrible a cast, to make the idea of security anything but a mockery. It was better to be true than to be cheerful, and in a minute my tears mixed with hers.

"In a few days, perhaps, Alphonsine, we may feel that there is a life before us. I admit that as yet we cannot reckon upon an hour."

"Yes, Charles, until then we have only to hope the best, and be prepared for the worst. Your gift is yet upon my bosom"—here she showed me the golden guillotine suspended from her neck. "As long as I wear this I am reminded that I belong half to death, half to life. Only when we are safe will I remove it from its present place, and preserve it as a relic of dangers—and pleasures—that are past."

So saying, she replaced it in the folds of her dress next her heart, and a smile, the last I ever saw her wear, dawned upon her pallid countenance. If I imprinted a kiss upon those lips, and drew that form to my breast, it was with so largely mingled a sense of foreboding, and so evasive and unrealized a throb of joy, that it became a question with me, in after years, whether the bliss of that instant did not belong to the domain of dreams, and deserve a place among the other aspirations after which a heart destined to misfortune feebly flutters out of the shadow of a doom it cannot escape.

The first buds of spring tipped the fruit-trees of the garden. An hundred birds sported from branch to branch, and the frosty dew of the morning yet hung upon the early flowers. We could not but feel all this. These simple things, of all other things, went most to our hearts. We fell upon our knees, and prayed there under the open sky.

And there I quitted her. Oh, God! can I go on? The archbishop and I found the town in a state of fierce excitement. Recent arrivals from Paris had still further inflamed the revolutionary zeal of the inhabitants, whose vicinity to the seat of the Vendean war had rendered them from the first ardent partisans of the Montagne. Riotous parties paraded the streets, armed with weapons, carrying fire-brands, and shouting their wild *car-magnoles*, and all business was suspended. It was with difficulty, even under the favor of our disguise, that we evaded these bands, and made our way across the bridge, to the right bank, towards St. Cyr and Laynes. At last, however, we reached the hamlet; and my companion's former knowledge of the inhabitants enabled us to bribe an old boatman, whom he remembered to have been less imbued with the new ideas than his neighbors, to drop the party down during the night below Saumur, where we could put ourselves at once in communication with certain *Seigneurs* of the Bocage, in whom we knew we should find staunch friends. Having settled this matter to our satisfaction, we turned our steps towards Tours again, my heart in a glow of anticipation, and even the good arch-

bishop elated with the near prospect of our speedy deliverance. For himself, he refused to accompany us. He trusted to some faithful friends, and a knowledge of the hiding-places about his own palace, and preferred awaiting a turn of affairs, which it was his fixed opinion would speedily arrive.

It was evening before we drew near the city; but long before we reached the barriers, the shouts of the mob were audible, and to our alarm we heard the tocsin ringing from the great Abbey of St. Martin. We hastened our steps, only to discover on entering the town that a dreadful scene of havoc and devastation was going forward. Above the shouts of the mob screams arose, as if from victims of their barbarity; and now and then there shot up a lurid glare towards the sky, which betokened too plainly that the ravages of fire were to be added that night to those of violence and plunder. Advancing in an easterly direction, we discovered that the ancient Abbey Church of St. Martin, the pride of central France, from whence the tocsin had been sounding, was the principal object of the fury of the mob, probably for that very reason. It was in flames before we arrived there, and we met many wretches escaping with the sacred vessels and ornaments, their share of the spoil. Hurrying our steps towards the Cathedral, we found the mob less numerous and violent in that direction, and, although St. Julien was on fire, it was evident that the set of the raging tide was towards St. Martin, and that the quarters in our neighborhood were emptying themselves of their population, to swell the main flood thereabouts. This process appeared to me, I remember, even in that hurried and anxious moment, to go forward according to an organized system, and as if under the guidance of certain recognized leaders; for I repeatedly heard the words *à droit, à gauche*, given at the head of these gangs, by voices which they seemed instructed to obey.

The precincts of the palace were completely deserted. Not a sound was to be heard but the distant hubbub of the rioters, and occasionally the distant crash of a roof or tower of one of the burning edifices. When this occurred, we were further notified of the catastrophe by the sudden leap of the towers of the Cathedral out of the darkness, as they were smitten by the red-hot glow from behind us.

With trembling joy we believed all safe; and, stealing cautiously up, descended into the concealed passage leading to our hiding-place. Traversing it as quickly as we could in the pitchy darkness, we both of us stopped simultaneously. It was—it must be—a dream. We rubbed our eyes. Where we had left the chamber we emerged into this open cavern, into which the lurid sky darted its dull glances, and the cries we had left found their way with the vapors and exhalations of the night.

Nobody was there. Nothing was to be seen but ruin. Not a vestige. Not a piece of furniture. Not an article of clothing. Nothing but these huge fragments scattered about, and the desperate marks of wedges and crowbars, and other mechanical means of aiding human fury.

Like lightning, Levasseur darted across my mind. "He is alive!" I shrieked, dashing my hands up towards heaven.—The next moment I had fled out through the aperture into the darkness, leaving the archbishop motionless where he had first become aware of the catastrophe.

For weeks my existence is a dream. I be-

lieve I was mad. Levelled with the beasts, I acquired the keen scent and sagacity of these tribes, when instinct draws them after their prey. I remember myself at Saumur, at Angers in the forests of Brittany, subsisting upon roots. The slot of my enemy lay towards Nantes. There Carrier was multiplying his human sacrifices. Blood was too slow in flowing. The river offered more speedy execution, and a roomier grave. Shoals of victims choked the channels of the Loire, and turned its waters into putridity. There were people about, here and there, who could afford some inklings. Kennelling as I did with the wolves, with them I made nightly descents upon habitual places, and the abodes of men. As these bore away lambs and other weaklings of the flock, so I fragments of intelligence, whispers, hearsays, eavesdroppings, and vague surmises of the bloodshot stranger who was urging some females westward. I saw whither all this was tending. Hope had left my bosom; I scarcely cared to accomplish a rescue; and dared not think upon anything but revenge. To enter Nantes was certain death, and death would frustrate all my objects, and crown *his* with triumph—so I reserved myself to the consummation.

I joined the remnant of the Vendéans, wandering houselessly through Brittany, and prowling about since the battle of Savenay in bands of fifties and hundreds, with every man's hand against them. For such I was a fit companion. They armed me; I clasped my sword like a friend who was to do me a service. Thenceforth it was my closest companion.

During as were these Chouans, they found in me one whom they could not hope to rival. The gang I led gained a name for its desperate audacity, and carried Terror even to the gates of Nantes, within which unhappy town likewise that fearful presence now stalked abroad in visible shape, and daily devoured its victims wholesale. The river, which had flowed past the walls ever since they were built, bearing blessings on its bosom and reflecting heaven on its surface, now yawned like a judgment close at hand, and into its depths continually travelled the youth and bravery and beauty and virtue and loyalty of Nantes. We, when we were caught, were shot; but it was not easy to catch us—and we generally obtained more than life for life.

It was the spring equinox. Carrier's *noyades* went on; it was now whole ship-loads of victims that he sent down the stream, to be sunk bodily at its mouth, where he believed the ocean would do the rest, and rid him of further trouble. But ocean itself began to show symptoms of refusing to dispose of more dead than lay to its own account. It had enough to answer for already. Renouncing complicity in these deeds of earth, it at last took advantage of a mighty west wind and cast the unburied mass of mortality at the mouth of the stream that had rejected it. The whole population flocked down to discover and reclaim its dead. What it found it had to dispute with the ospreys and vultures, and the loathsome familiarity of wild beasts, which struggled between the legs of the human throng, in the absorbing fascination of such a banquet.

And like a fascinated wild beast there am I. The storm howls across the bleak sands, carrying the grains along like a mist, mingled with the surf and foam-flakes. And the blast, as it howls, bears other sounds upon it—shrieks of sea-mews,

and of mothers and daughters of stranded corpses, croakings of quarrelling ravens, and the imprecations of desperate outlaws, who dispute the bones of a comrade. There I stand, looking seawards, for I know that ocean has an account to render up to me, and that it will fulfil its trust. And it is without shuddering, therefore, that I find at my feet a thing of human outline, having mark and token which may be recognized, such as a ribbon with a golden ornament attached, and on the ornament the words inscribed—

Ma tête tombe, le cœur reste.

Yes, boy, I am prepared for all that; and with my sword I dig a hole in the sand, high up, above the reach of the tides, and there I cover up that human remnant, after placing the ornament in my bosom; then, having taken the bearings, I plunge into the woods again, and whet my blunted sword against the first smooth stone I find.

One object was left me in life. It wore a definite aspect; but the means of obtaining it were difficult and circuitous. For many a month I herded with the Chouans of Bretagne; a wild, irregular banditti. The gang I led hovered closer to the enemy than the rest of our adherents, and addicted themselves less to plunder. Something which might be called strategy marked our movements, and the information we acquired from prisoners was frequently of considerable service to the cause of the royalists in communication with Puisaye and the British government.

Since the discovery of the body my character had undergone a change. I was no longer the reckless madman who inspired respect only by his personal daring. My mind now controlled without impeding the impetuosity of my animal nature. In particular, a certain tact and subtlety I evinced in the examination of prisoners and deserters, caused that department at last to be left exclusively to me; and it was during this period that I perfected and brought to the condition of a system, that theory of the investigation of character, which I put in practice on my first encountering you.

Ever and anon, I was able to glean some intelligence respecting my enemy. He was near me. When Carrier was superseded at Nantes, he was for a time in disgrace as his friend; but soon associated himself with Hoche, and distinguished himself, one deserter informed me, by the sanguinary zeal he showed in prosecuting the design of his chief, which consisted, as in La Vendée, in hemming in the remnants of the insurgents by a narrowing *cordon*, out of which they had no possible escape, and within which, unless some sudden blow was struck, they must be all finally enveloped and taken. With a counter-instinct to mine, he, too, I felt, knew that the man he had wronged was here, and that he must be got rid of to make life safe. This was what infused such uncompromising ferocity into his conduct, and gave his acts so sanguinary a complexion, as to call more than once for a reprimand and rebuke from his chief. It was a single combat between us; we both of us strengthened the ranks of two opposing armies, and advanced the causes of royalty and republicanism respectively, only in order that we, the centre of our war and of our world, might meet at last and terminate the struggle with the existence of one or both of us.

You know how events hurried on. How an amnesty was offered to us if we would lay down

our arms. Lay down our arms! I grasped my sword, and laughed, till the forest rang again. How Carrier came to the guillotine—he was not my quarry; I let him die without a thought. How treachery appeared among us—and symptoms of disaffection. We held together, for war was my game. To the meeting at La Mabilaye I repaired; for, believing that Hoche was to be there, I calculated on his accompanying him. I know not why it was, but Hoche declined coming, and we did not meet. *Tout était aux mieux*. How we were organized into regular companies of chasseurs under Stofflet, and manœuvred as a regular army, notwithstanding the nominal truce; how the British squadron hove in sight, and the white cockade was mounted on every cap, and long and reiterated shouts of *Vive le roi!* rent the air, and rang through the forests of Brittany. All this is history; so is the result. My part alone of these deeds and disasters is necessary to be told.

The emigrant army landed from the English fleet at Quiberon. The noblest blood of France was there assembled; and I found myself once more associated with the Polignacs, and the Clermont-Tonnerres, and the Condés, and the D'Orsais. I was assigned the command I most coveted, however that of my own Chouans, whom I knew, and who knew me. Had all known themselves and each other as we did, the expedition might have turned out differently.

I soon saw that things were going wrong; I had become lynx-eyed. There was no concentration, no organized system. There was no prince of the house of Bourbon around whom to rally. Puisaye and D'Hervilly quarrelled. Instead of an instantaneous advance, as urged by Tinténac and me, days were wasted in consultations and disputes, which came to nothing. I soon saw that we were to be victims—but I was determined to achieve my object.

The republican armies closed round us. Desperately we confronted them; but individual valor could not make amends for the want of unity of plan. Hoche drove us in from point to point; and at length, having taken St. Barbe, shut us up in the narrow peninsula of Quiberon, whence we must either escape to the British fleet, or die without hope of quarter.

As the republican front closed with us, I became, from day to day, more intimately acquainted with Levasseur's movements. Every prisoner had something to tell. His blood-thirsty ferocity had gained him celebrity amongst them. I knew his division, his quarters, his assigned place on each day's march—nay, his very uniform, and the color of his horse. I kept myself so thoroughly in the secret of the man's movements, that whenever we should meet in open field, I should be able without difficulty to mark him out, and have him before me in the thickest confusion of battle.

The night of the 20th of July, 1795, fell dark and tempestuous. The waves rolled in with fury upon the narrow strip of sand we yet retained upon the shore of France. Our only barrier against the enemy was Fort Penthièvre, which stood, a darker mass, against the dark sky. I lay upon the sand, with my sword—my inseparable companion—in my grasp. Suddenly, a shout was heard above the roar of the waters. I started up—but could see nothing. It proceeded from the direction of the fort, and I knew that a surprise was at least attempted, if it had not succeeded.

A moment's agony passed across my brow, like the glow of a fierce fire. This was the only contingency I had not foreseen; my enemy and I might be close to each other in the darkness, without coming into contact.

My worst suspicions were the best founded. Fort Penthièvre had been surprised and taken—we were now at the mercy of the republican army. All those within reach of me rose along with me, and obeying the word of command, placed themselves in order, and rushed upon the advancing enemy. The collision was tremendous. Hoche's guns had already begun to play, and in a few minutes the English squadron, which had been obliged to keep out to sea in consequence of the tempest, announced their presence by the roar of their artillery. From the first I saw that resistance was hopeless; and that escape was almost equally so. D'Hervilly was mortally wounded; Sombreuil, who succeeded him, was a stranger to the place, and lost his presence of mind. It was a hopeless carnage; and my men fell around me in heaps. Nevertheless, I assumed the command which others were unable to exercise, and contrived for some time to protect the masses of emigrants who, with their wives and children, were rushing into the water to embark on board the English boats. I must have been calm; for while engaged in this arduous duty, I took advantage of every cannon shot fired close to me, to survey the opposite ranks in search of Levasseur. In so dark a night, the flash of the discharge from a piece of ordnance throws an intense glare for a considerable space; and as I had habituated my eyes to take in numerous objects distinctly at a sudden glance, I was now, after one or two of these momentary surveys, able to ascertain with tolerable accuracy the order of the hostile column, and where I ought to look for him. I found that in order to confront him, I must move to the right, or as close to the edge of the sea as possible. This was difficult, in the face of the enemy; but finding that Sombreuil had just come up to the point I defended with a fresh body of emigrants, I drew my exhausted men off for a moment, and moving round a small sandy eminence, threw them once more upon the hostile army, almost within the surf of the shoreward waves.

The result was as I had anticipated. Certain signs gave evidence of Levasseur's vicinity. I recognized the uniform of his corps, and at last had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing his voice, above the roar of the waves, urging on his men.

By this time matters had drawn to a conclusion. The two armies were mingled together in the darkness. The few boats which had succeeded in gaining the shore, had either sunk or were sheering off overloaded with fugitives; in all directions cries were heard of "quarter! quarter!" a boon which in some instances was accorded by the soldiers, as the despairing emigrants or Chouans laid down their arms; though in most these wretches were cut down without mercy. From the sea, the frightful confusion was added to by the broadsides of the British fleet poured in upon the shore, and sweeping off friend and foe in indiscriminate slaughter. I had almost given up the hope of surviving to fulfil my mission, when a sudden flash discovered Levasseur within five yards of me, a little advanced before his men, in the act of pointing a gun at a boat which had just quitted the shore, filled with women and children.

I might have rushed forward and cut him down. I do not know why I did not do so. I walked up to him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, uttering in his ear the word "*Levasseur!*" He started up from the stooping posture, and in an instant drew a pistol from his belt, and fired. Had he not been disconcerted, he must have killed me; as it was, his ball grazed my ribs. He drew back, aghast.

"Coward!" cried I; "draw your sword, I shall wait until you can defend yourself."

We could see each other, now we were so close, by the gleaming of the cannonade. Even at that desperate moment, I was startled as I suddenly became conscious that a change had taken place in his appearance. *His black hair had grown white.* The confirmation of an original surmise flashed across my mind. He must have existed for a greater or less period of time under the belief that, at the moment of his mortal sin, he had fallen into the hands of the LIVING GOD.

"Why should we fight?" he now exclaimed, in a subdued voice. "She is dead, long ago."

"And buried!" cried I, holding up to his eyes the Golden Guillotine.

"God! Whence has that come?"

"From the depths of the ocean, in which thy bones shall whiten ere long. Thoughtst thou that thou wert to escape the Avenger of Blood, because thou hadst placed a mill-stone round the neck of thy secret, and sunk it in the sea?"

"De Martigny, thou wast my rival—thou stoutest to strangle me—was it not so?"

With death staring him in the face, he was yearning to extract some expression which should relieve him once for all from the remnants of the horrible suspicion that had once haunted him. I saw that; and at the same time felt myself growing weak from loss of blood; yet, so much was I still overpowered with the thought of the fiery tortures the wretch must have gone through to turn the stony blackness of his locks into silver in the time, that I could not bring myself to sabre him, and have done with him.

Nor had I need. He had just observed my growing faintness, and was planting his feet to commence the combat in which the chances began to show in his favor, when a ball from an English line-of-battle ship ploughed the sand over both of us, and in its *ricochet* tore Levasseur's right arm from its socket, laying the ribs of the same side bare to the waist. We fell together—he in the agonies of death, I from the shock and previous loss of blood. I had strength left to dip my finger in the pool of gore between us—whether his or mine I knew not, or both mingled together—and write upon his forehead the single word—ALPHONSINE. This I did that the devils might know what to do with him.

Our men, on both sides, had missed us, and as the action now confined itself to another quarter, they had drawn off to lend their aid at that point. I was left alone with the dying man; and wit-

nessed the blackness of his brow fade into the spectral pallor of death, upon which the gory letters came out like faint writing held against a fire.

The object of my life was accomplished; a dizziness came over me. I believed that I died.

I recovered my consciousness on board of a British man-of-war. It was not for some days afterwards that I discovered how I had been saved. An officer who, taking advantage of the darkness, had pushed boldly on shore in a boat just after the termination of the action, in the hope of saving somebody, and who saw me lying wounded and motionless, but, with some signs of life about me, had, at the risk of his own, cutlass in hand, rescued me from two republican soldiers who were just about to knock me on the head and plunder me, and borne me aboard Admiral Warren's squadron.

Young man, little more remains to be said. When, years afterwards, royalty had been restored to France, I repaired to the lonely beach at the mouth of the Loire, and had the bones of all that had once made life dear reverently removed to this sacred precinct, where, with the consent of the archbishop, they were buried privately, and a certain number of masses appointed to be said for the soul of the departed. Over this grave I posted myself a sentinel for life. Here I pass my days—often my nights. The venerable archbishop would have solaced my watchings by his presence over and over again, but I withstood him. I preferred performing this duty alone. Nevertheless, when he died, I was smitten to the heart, as you saw—for I had lost my last friend.

Here ended Lenoir's or De Martigny's—narration.

To say to him, at its close, that I trusted he would consider himself as having gained a new one, might be supposed a natural impulse. Nevertheless I could not bring myself to utter the words. Not the story alone, but the sentiments, the feelings, the morality, were *French*, and did not altogether square with the principles I had been brought up to respect and cherish. I looked upon this man as a formidable relic of formidable times;—as one, in short, who, with all his fancied theories, had been rather the slave than the master of those sudden impulses that had so deeply tinctured his life; and I felt a corresponding doubt as to how far an inoculation with ideas of the kind might benefit myself.

The embarrassment caused by these reflections must have shown itself somehow or other at the surface, for, with one of his electric glances, the recluse abruptly rose, and, without uttering another word, stepped forth before me into the now black void outside the grotto; and as he led the way back to the street, his dark cloak, agitated by the wind, flapped heavily before me, and his whitened hair streamed over his shoulders like a meteor.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

J. Blanco White.

From Chambers' Journal.

LIVING.

AMONG the brief sayings of men of genius, there are not many of a more pointed and profound significance than this of Goethe:—"Think of living." For, in strict reality, the art of living wisely is one of the most difficult and indispensable of all attainments; and a just and adequate consideration of it may be said to include everything that is most worthy of a thought. There is no loftier subject of meditation to be offered to the mind of man. Life is, indeed, the "perennial standing miracle of the universe." Forever wonderful, unexplainable, it is yet intensely, most indubitably *real*. This fact of being alive is not to be denied or questioned; if all else were doubtful, *this* is certain—here we are! conscious living beings, with an actual destiny in the present and in the future, the issues and the mystery whereof our deepest intuitions cannot fathom.

It is really well to "think of living." It is well for us to pause amid the excitements of material pleasure and occupation, to contemplate this mystical solemnity of Being—this deep-flowing river of human consciousness, whose sources lie above us at an invisible remoteness, and whose outlet carries us beyond the boundaries of time, into the shadowy and uncertain regions of the Unknown. There is something grand, astonishing, and awful in the contemplation. As Sterling has beautifully written: "Life of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life—the principle of existence in a stone, or a drop of water—is an inscrutable wonder. That in the infinity of Time and Space anything should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abyssal Nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God; and thus a grain of sand, being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something prodigious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And if this be so, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows that it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!"* This wondering, reflective human Soul, how marvellous and strange it is in all its attributes and longings; how it scans the hard problems of the universe, and elicits light out of the darkness of creation; moving with intrepid steps across the continents of things that are, and searching after the secrets of the unseen; yet forever is thrown back on the mystery of itself, and can never, with its utmost soaring, ascend to the apprehension of that which constitutes its own vitality and being!

Nothing but the mist of familiarity could obscure from us the intrinsic wonder of our existence. We note with admiration many of its transient manifestations, but discern not that it itself is most essentially astonishing. Yet, when we come to ponder it, the fact is plain, incontestable, and overwhelming. "What," says Shelley, "are changes of empires, the wreck of dynasties, with the opinions which supported them; what is the birth and the extinction of religious and political systems, to this grand reality of life? What are the revolutions of the globe which we inhabit, and the operations of the elements of which it is composed, compared with life? What is the universe of stars and suns, of which this inhabited earth is one, and their motions and their destiny,

compared with life? Life, the great miracle, we admire not, because it is so miraculous. . . . We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments; we live on, and in living we lose the apprehension of life. What are we? Whence do we come? and whither do we go?" To these questions we must refer elsewhere for a suitable answer; contenting ourselves here with discerning, that "Man is a being of lofty aspirations, looking before and after, whose thoughts wander through eternity, disclaiming alliance with transience and decay."†

The strong sense we have of God in us,
Makes us believe the soul can never cease.†

This, which we call life, is not a fleeting and perishable apparition, but something which is continuous and perpetual—a power that transcends the limitations of time and of all sublunary conditions, and ranges through duration with an inextinguishable subsistency. The "longing after immortality" which is born with us, would seem to be the prophecy and assurance of our deathlessness, the foreshadowing of the soul's prolonged and indefinite continuance, the revelation of its triumph over the change that wears the semblance of destruction.

It is wise, then, to think of living. Consider these manifold capacities for action, feeling, and reflection, and ponder the responsibilities that must arise from their employment. For what purposes, for what end, have we been invested with this wondrous personality, this conscious and discerning being, this capability to think and do? Assuredly, there is a destination open to us commensurate with the powers we possess. We have not been cast at random into the universe, unattached and unrelated to its laws; but we have rights and duties here which demand the exercise of all our faculties, and are to be severally pursued with an unflinching conscientiousness. This is discernible from the consequences which proceed from every irregular and perverted application of the human powers, from every abuse or false employment of our bodily, mental, or moral energies—from every instance of neglect in the training or rightful use of the endowments, impulses, and aspirations that are constitutionally subsistent in our nature. The ascertainable experience of mankind proclaims that these consequences are invariably and inevitably disastrous. There is no true happiness, or well-being, approachable otherwise than by the paths of rectitude—the naturally ordained conditions by which God himself has unchangeably appointed us to live. If men are foiled and miserable here, it is because they have failed to conform themselves to the Divine appointments; because, through ignorance, wilfulness, or, perchance, the force of circumstances, they have violated or neglected the conditions on which success and welfare are dependent. It is only within the stream of that prevailing tendency, which flows with everlasting constancy through the centre of created things, and has its source in the sublime darkness, where the Absolute and the Holy is enthroned—it is only by shaping his course of being and activity in accordance with this tendency, that a man can by any chance succeed; by this alone can he realize any true or permanent results, and get his deeds accredited in the final arbitration whereunto all human proceedings and concerns will be irrevocably referred.

* Thoughts and Images.

* Shelley's Essays.

† Bailey's Festus.

On the eternal law of Right, a man may stand and work with safety, with perfect and unlimited assurance that what he does will naturally cohere and ally itself with the activities of the universe, and subsist and prevail as they prevail: this is that practical fidelity on which God looks down, and is well-pleased. But every act or striving that is contrary to the right—to the tenor and ordinances of the universe—has the whole power of the universe, and of the all-just Maker, set against it, and can no more withstand so august an opposition, than can the common air sustain a falling object against the influences of gravitation. However specious and flourishing it may look while it lasts, whatever approving recognition it may receive from the conventions and fashions of the hour, the thing being actually at variance with true principles, its triumph, by the nature of it, can be but temporary and evanescent; in the long-run, all delusions are exploded, all falsehoods detected and exposed, all injustices avenged, all insincerities and impieties relentlessly put to shame; and nothing but what is true, and accordant with the Divine arrangements, has any attributes of permanence or steadfastness. To learn the right, to strive after it, and to love it—to win by repeated efforts, and after many failures, the strength and security which it can yield us—this is the discipline to which we are appointed in this changeful scene of time—this is the education whereby the soul of man is destined to arrive at last to the fulness of its capabilities, and to ascend, after its difficult probation, to a higher and more perfect state of being.

If a man could rise to the full conception of his nature, and apprehend the largeness of its destiny, the belief would assuredly arise in him, that his existence here and now is a thing of immense concern to him. For our life is not intrinsically a vanity, as certain shallow moralists have represented, but a fact so real and grand as to strike the imagination with amazement. Whatever may be the excellency of the life beyond us, it is certain that the measure of our participation in it must be determined by the character of our conduct here. It is even fearful to reflect how, day by day, we are fixing the condition in which we shall be called to move hereafter; how, perchance, some negligence or folly may throw us back long ages in the march of immortal enterprise, and hinder us from rising to heights of knowledge and moral purity which we otherwise might reach; how, in short, the whole course of our ulterior destination may be cast among lower and less hopeful chances, and bring us no return of the opportunities which in this life were neglected. But, apart from all considerations of a subsequent existence, it is surely a matter of high concernment how we conduct our existence here; for the world has been assigned to us to live in, and, with all its difficulties, and sorrows, and vexations, it actually presents to us a noble field both for work and for enjoyment. We are not aliens or outcasts of the universe, but the scene in which our lot is cast is in all respects adapted to our nature. There is nothing to complain of in any of the material or spiritual conditions with which, as active and moral beings, we are required to comply. We have only to observe and maintain right relations with the world, and even this straitened and imperfect state is capable of affording us many reasonable satisfactions. Perfect obedience may not be possible to our finite nature; but by cultivating

a disposition to obey, we may gradually acquire a firmer and more complete control over our unruly propensities, and so guard and establish the supremacy of conscience, as to rise at length to a level of attainment where inclination and desire shall be coincident with duty. By imperceptible degrees, a man may thus advance within the circle of the perfect law, and unite his efforts with the power that sustains and animates the universe.

There is a saying of Margaret Fuller's which is well deserving of remembrance. "Very early," said she, "I knew that the only object in life was *to grow*." Development of mind and character is truly the highest concern of man on earth. That we should become something intellectually and morally superior to what we were at the beginning, seems to have been the design of the Creator in placing us under conditions of probation. The great end of all experience is the perfecting of the soul. It is true that human nature is so constituted as to exact a liberal exercise of the faculties for grosser and more immediate objects. As Jean Paul remarks; "All the conditions of our earthly existence must be complied with, ere the demands of the inward nature can be manifested."* Nevertheless, the corporeal needs being once provided for, it is not possible for a man to be content with them; the "eternal hunger" of his soul, the unappeased longing of his heart, demands another and more sufficing solacement. The restlessness, the sense of weariness, that visits every one whose aims and expectations are centred in mere material possessions, is a perpetual admonition that these things are insufficient for his welfare. Nature thus beneficently solicits him to the contemplation of his higher interests, to the august possibilities of spiritual aspiration, to the boundless blessedness that springs from a devotion to truth, righteousness, and beauty. With these before him as the crown and reward of his activity, his life assumes a loftier significance: trials and vexations hurt him not; for, in the reasonable service to which God has called his creatures, it is even a joy to be consumed. Let a man have faith in the perfect fairness and magnanimity of the dispensation under which he lives, and work in the conviction that every rightful thought and act of his is in unison with the Supreme designs, and his life shall not be barren of approvable results, nor be wanting in abundant consolations.

The idea of living which best consorts with the highest accepted theory of man's relations, is the one which has been already hinted at—the idea that the world is subservient to the soul as a place of education. We are here to make the most of our capabilities, to make trial of our strength, to expand and fortify our minds by thought and knowledge, to learn by failure and success what things are calculated to advance us in well-being, and, on the whole, to unfold and perfect our nature to the extent of its possibilities. By work and rest, by passion and suffering, by prosperity and adversity, by all the events and incidents that make up the sum of life, the soul is trained and disciplined to apprehend its needs. As one has said: "The exercise of the will or the lesson of power is taught in every event. From the child's successive possession of his several senses, up to the hour when he saith 'Thy will be done!' he is learning the secret, that he can reduce under his will, not only particular events, but great classes,

* Kampaner Thal.

may, the whole series of events, and so conform all facts to his character. Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. . . . It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful."* Moreover, it is observable that "sensible objects conform to the premonitions of reason, and reflect the conscience. All things are moral, and in their boundless changes have an unceasing reference to spiritual nature. Therefore is nature glorious with form, color, and motion; that every globe in the remotest heaven; every chemical change, from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life; every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf, to the tropical forest and antediluvian coal-mine; every animal function, from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man the laws of right and wrong, and echo the Ten Commandments. Therefore is nature always the ally of religion; lends all her pomp and splendor to the religious sentiment."†

It is from the resources of the religious sentiment that man must draw his power, if he would adequately fulfil the authentic ends of living. By virtue of this sentiment, he discerns the perfection of the moral law, and voluntarily conforms his will to the will of the Unchangeable—that highest and absolute Volition, to which he is related in the bonds of responsibility. When life is penetrated by this mystical and sacred influence, it is invested with a sublimity which time or change cannot impair. The tranquillity and contentment which it sheds, are more sufficing than the most thrilling and refined delights that partake not of its sanctity; and, being clothed with its strength and steadfastness, the soul is immutably secured against the hurtful impressions of calamity. This is that spirit which "sees to the end of all temptations," and gives quietness of heart under every solicitude. There is no darkness or desolation which it cannot brighten with its hopefulness. It is strong with resignation, and sustains itself with lowliness of mind. It has no fear, or wavering, or despondency; but, like the shining of the stars, it is constant, and ever cheerful; in life and in death it is a never-failing Comforter; and in its hands are the keys of the kingdoms of Immortality.

THE LATE EDITOR OF THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."
—A correspondent of the "Times" has furnished a very interesting notice of the late Professor Empson, whose death took place at Haylebury on the 11th of December.

"Few men of our time have discharged educational duties with greater zeal and conscientiousness. He considered it a high responsibility to form the minds and to direct the studies of young men who might at some future time be called upon to discharge the duties of the magistracy and of the bench of justice in India. Going far beyond commonplace and elementary teaching, his lectures opened large historical views, the principles of moral philosophy and of international law. He not only possessed knowledge, but the art of communicating it, and an art still rarer—that of obtaining and exercising influence over the hearts of his pupils. An interesting proof of his success will appear from the following occurrence, which will not be thought trivial to those who have studied the characters of the young. The students at the East India College have been accustomed to celebrate the close of their term and of their studies by an

annual festival; but on the last examination, on learning the approaching end of their friend and instructor—then suffering from the rupture of a blood-vessel, of which in a few days after he died—they spontaneously gave up their accustomed festival, as being inconsistent with their anxiety and grateful affection for him. And well might they do so. Though in a most enfeebled state of health, and fully aware of the risk he ran in the cold college hall, he would not shrink from his duty as examiner, and within less than half an hour of the close of his functions he was struck with that fearful attack to which in a few days he fell a victim. Yet even during this rapid sinking by decay of bodily strength he would not neglect the last duty he could perform to his young friends. He carefully went through his examination papers, and assigned to each student his rank and position. No man ever fell more truly in the field of duty. In addition to his functions of Professor of Law, William Empson held another office, which is often a painful preeminence. He was editor, as since the year 1823 he had been a contributor, to the 'Edinburgh Review.' His genial kindness of nature rendered him an indulgent administrator of those functions to which he was officially sworn in the verse of Publius Syrus, '*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*' At all times he preferred praise to blame, and would rather have given a wreath of laurel than 'Luke's iron crown.' William Empson contributed upwards of sixty articles to the 'Review' between the years 1823 and 1849, on law, the condition of the poorer classes, negro slavery, domestic politics, poetry, and general literature and biography. No questions appeared more congenial to his nature than those which denounced oppression and tyranny, whether political or ecclesiastical, and those which, in reviewing the lives of the good and the great, excited a train of moral feelings. In private life he was most happy in his associations. The friendships which he brought with him from Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge, and which were extended in the world, and completed among his estimable colleagues at Haylebury, were unbroken except by death. How he was loved and valued by those who knew him most intimately is shown in the delightful letters of Lord Jeffrey. To his intimacy with that most captivating man William Empson owed the completion of his family happiness in marriage. He was unchangeable in all his friendships. Pope concludes his panegyric on the minister Cragg by the emphatic words—'And he lost no friend.' Never was a human being more entitled to Pope's praise than the subject of the preceding sketch. He died aged sixty-two; and never did a calm and trusting death afford more conclusive evidence of a life pure, useful, and benevolent."

ARTHUR DILLON was guillotined on the 24th Germinal, An II (14th of April 1794), together with seventeen other persons (two of them females), of various stations in life, some of them distinguished by birth, more of them by crime. All were innocent of the particular offence for which they ostensibly suffered death. They were conveyed in common carts from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Révolution, where stood the guillotine en permanence. When they arrived at the fatal spot, they descended from their hideous vehicle, and were mustered at the foot of the scaffold and counted by the executioner, before commencing the slaughter. This preliminary over, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of one of the female victims, and motioned to the steps leading to the scaffold. She shrank from his touch, and turning to Dillon, said, "Oh! M. Dillon, will you go first?"

"Anything to oblige a lady," said the elegant and courteous Dillon, with his usual captivating smile, and ascended the scaffold. His last words, pronounced in a voice that resounded through the Place, were "Vive le Roi!"—*Rem. of an Emigrant Mlesian.*

* Emerson's Essay on Nature, chap. v. † Ibid.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON LEGENDS.

THE publication of the "Golden Legend," by Longfellow, seems to have awakened curiosity, and excited interest, for legendary lore—a branch of literature usually considered obsolete in Protestant countries, and which, we think, has never held its due rank, being placed either too high or too low; Roman Catholics too often assigning to legends the respect due to articles of religion, and Protestants too often condemning them in the aggregate as a farrago of rubbish. Yet in this case, as in most others, "*in medio tutissimus ibis*"—the truth lies between the two extremes. While legends do not deserve the authority with which they are invested by one party, they do not deserve the obloquy cast upon them by the other, who overlook their original utility, and the good intention of their promulgators; and while observing only the blots in the collection, ignore entirely the many beauties. We speak of Christian, religious, legends. True, there are some legends that transgress orthodoxy, common sense, and even delicacy; and some that are irreverent, if not profane, in the manner in which they introduce the Almighty; and are thus critically bad, violating the Horatian rule of composition:—

*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit;*

and violating it far more reprehensibly than ever Horace contemplated, seeing that the Deity, whose providential interference is so unwarrantably introduced into some Christian legends, is so ineffably and immeasurably above the fabled gods of the heathen.

But, notwithstanding the existence of faulty legends, there are very many that enlist themselves in the service of divine faith and social virtues, that have much solemnity and pathos, and much poetic beauty, and that array truth in a becoming and attractive garb. Legends were originally intended to convey instruction in a concise and easily-remembered form; and were thus of great utility at a time when printing was unknown, and manuscripts were scarce and costly. The root of the legend was oral tradition; but as scribes multiplied (especially in the cloister), and subsequently after the invention of printing, the short narrative was transferred from the lip to the parchment or the paper, for its preservation, and thus changed its name to legend, *ad legendum*.

Legends are of two classes; the didactic, for instruction in faith and morals; and the historical. The latter are often exaggerated or distorted, and have much encumbered the historian's path; but there is scarcely an historical legend in which a nucleus of truth is not discovered or discoverable under its adventitious integuments. And to this class of tradition we are indebted for the preservation of many an event and many a character, which now give interest to the historic page. It was the design of this species of legend to inculcate patriotism, valor and fidelity; and herein lies the merit of heathen (especially classic) legendary lore; for, as *didactics*, the religious or mythic legends signally fail. Mythology is but a chain of Pagan religious legends; but how extravagant! how puerile! how shocking to morals! These legends place their gods below humanity; but the historic heathen legend endeavors to place its heroes above it. Take up Valerius Maximus,

for instance—a book full of legendary anecdotes—in the historical parts there is much that is noble and admirable; but look at his mythic legends (see the chapter *De Miraculis*), how childish and how aimless! And in the speaking images, who does not perceive the palpable trick of the Pagan priest, and marvel at the state of the popular mind to be so easily cheated!

But it is not of heathen legends we would speak; our business is with the didactic legends of a more truthful and better faith. In early times, when teachers had but little aid from books, they sought to instruct in the mode best suited to the understanding and the memory of their hearers, and the most likely to attract their attention; and accordingly chose the form of short narrative, of which fable seems to have been the earliest species, for this purpose. A characteristic of fable is, that the actors and speakers represented in it are of the inferior creation—animals, birds; even trees and plants. Later, to fable succeeded parable—which is of higher rank, because its personages are higher; not animals, or inanimate things, but human beings; and because the parable became, in the hands of the worshippers of the true God, a vehicle for instruction in religious faith and moral duties. The fable appears to us to aim chiefly at the maxims of worldly wisdom and prudence; even Jotham's fable of the trees electing a king (Judges ix.), the oldest we believe extant, only teaches a lesson of policy. Parable, though using human personages, leaves them anonymous and indefinite, saying only, "A certain householder," "A certain king," &c.; and this is one mark of distinction between parable and its younger relative, the didactic legend, which assigns special and definite names to its *dramatis personæ*; choosing, of course, some saint or devout person for its hero, either to give a greater appearance of reality, or to invest it with more authority; nay, there can be no reason to doubt that some, at least, are *founded* on fact. But we think it probable that many legends were not originally intended to be believed *literally*, but only to be received in the same manner as parables; as *true* in conveying some sound axiom of faith and morals, but as figurative and imaginative with regard to the action and the actors. So we recognize and embrace the teachings in our Lord's parables; but we are not required to believe that a real vineyard was let to husbandmen, who literally and actually murdered the son of the proprietor; or that a real king made a feast, and literally sent out into the highways to bring in all the wayfarers for guests.

The oldest legends are generally the simplest and purest, as the rivulet is purest at its spring; as it flows onward it gathers rubbish on its course, though still the stream often runs clear beneath. When the tide of legendary literature has rolled through a dark and corrupt age, then, of necessity, it becomes the more sullied. Of late years, since scriptural light has been more diffused, modern pens have produced some beautiful and edifying legends, either purified from old originals, or written from ideas caught up at the ancient source.

Having said thus much by way of preface, we proceed to offer to the reader a few legends from amongst the limited number to which we have access, trusting to our selection from the grave, the earnest, and the poetically conceived, to prove the truth of what we have ventured to assert of

the merits of legendary literature. The first we present is one, the conception of which we think very beautiful. Kosegarten, a Protestant divine of Mecklenburg (who died in 1818), has clothed it in German blank verse, from which we translate it :—

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Beda* was blind with age ; yet went he forth
To preach the Gospel message, new and joyful :
Led by his guide, the gray-haired man sped on
Through city and through village, still proclaiming
The glorious " Word," with all the fire of youth.

Once through a valley desolate, he passed,
Where all around huge stones and crags were scattered ;
Thus said the boy, his guide (but more from mirth
Than malice), " Reverend father, here are many,
Assembled, and they wait to hear thy teaching."

The blind old man drew up his bended form,
Gave forth his text, expounded it, and preached.
He threatened, warned, exhorted, cheered, consoled,
So heartily, that his mild, earnest tears
Flowed down to his gray beard. Then, at the last,
When, with the Lord's Prayer closing, thus he spake :
" For Thine the kingdom, power and glory is,
Forever and forever,"—through the vale
Ten thousand voices cried, " Amen ! Amen !"

The boy, affrighted and repentant, knelt
Down at the preacher's feet, and owned his sin.
" Son," said the holy man, " hast thou not read,
When men are silent, stones shall cry aloud ?
Never again sport with the Word of God.
It is a mighty and a living Word,
Cutting like two-edged sword. When man his heart
Hardens to stone, defying his Creator,
A heart of flesh God in a stone can mould."

This is one of the class of legends never intended to be taken *literally*; though we must at once be struck with the *truthfulness* of its lesson.

Here is a legend of a more solemn cast, which appears to have had its origin in Italy :—

THE STRANGE PREACHER.

It happened once in Padua, that a Minorite friar was appointed to preach the Lent Sermons in the Cathedral of St. Anthony. The subject of his discourses was, the Pains of Hell. One day, however, when in the pulpit, he found himself indisposed, and obliged to discontinue ; but he promised the congregation to resume the discourse on the following morning. The morning came, and found the friar so much worse, that the physician of the convent forbade him to leave his bed ; and the invalid sent for the brethren, and begged that some one of them would take his place in the pulpit, and resume the interrupted discourse ; but they, each and all, excused themselves, alleging the want of time for due preparation. Our sick friar fretted exceedingly at the idea of disappointing the congregation, and was beginning to grow feverish from vexation, when one of the Minorites, on recollection, observed, that a foreign brother, from France, had arrived at the convent the night before, on his way to the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto ; and that he had the appearance of an intellectual man ; he was tall, had black eyes and beard, and high black eyebrows ; doubtless, he would be able to preach extempore. The invalid sent for the stranger, told him his dilemma, and requested his good offices. After some hesitation the foreign friar consented ; went to the cathedral, ascended the pulpit, and preached on

the given subject—the Pains of Hell. Never before had such a sermon been heard in Padua. He showed forth, in the most glowing colors, the enormity of sin, and the danger of trampling under foot the holy commandments ; but especially, in describing the miseries of hell, he spoke with such a fiery and overpowering eloquence that he seemed to set before the eyes of the astonished and terrified people, not so much a vivid picture, as an awful reality. They felt their hearts pierced, as with a sword, by his intense earnestness, and could not refrain from weeping and sobbing aloud, making mentally a thousand vows of reformation and newness of life. When the preacher descended from the pulpit the people retired in tears, and the Minorite brethren expressed their warmest thanks to the stranger for the manner in which he had exerted his extraordinary talents, and expressed their delight at the great benefit the hearers had evidently received. Then, as he wished to take his leave of the brotherhood, and proceed on his pilgrimage, they all attended him, with proper courtesy, to the outer gate of the convent.

But as they were walking on, an aged and very devout friar, whose eyes were often enlightened to see things beyond the perception of ordinary mortals, espied a cloven-foot under the monastic habit of the stranger, and immediately discovered that it was no Minorite brother, but an incarnate fiend of hell. The old man summoned up his courage, and adjured him in the name of the great Creator of all things, to confess was he not a devil. Why, then, had he unworthily assumed that holy habit, and come thither to preach and teach the way of salvation, to which he himself could never attain, and from which it had ever been his aim to turn mankind ? The fiend, thus adjured, confessed in the presence of the brotherhood, and of some laymen who were in company, that he was in truth a devil (then the expression of his face became too hideous to look upon, and his eyes blazed forth flames of lurid light) ; he said that his desire for the perdition of men was as great as ever, and that the sermon he had preached to the people that day would be so far from turning them to the way of salvation, that, on the contrary, it would tend to their condemnation, for he had preached to them awful truths, and they had owned the force of those truths by their tears and their penitence. But those tears were dried when they left the church-door, and that penitence lasted no longer than till they found themselves at home, amid their usual occupations and pleasures, and their acknowledged, but soon stifled conviction, was but an increase of sin. " At the last day," he continued, " I myself will appear as a witness against these people, and will say to the Judge upon the throne, ' O thou Mighty One ! behold these men ! how can they accuse me of tempting them to sin ? Have I not warned them in a voice of thunder of the consequence of sin—*I*, who knew it so well ? Have I not described to them—forcibly described—the agonies of hell ? And who knows them as I do, or can paint them as I can ? Have they not owned for a moment that I preached awful truths, and then turned away, dried their tears, and forgot to repent ?—How shall they justify their sins by accusing me as their tempter ?"

Thus saying, he vanished out of their sight, leaving them mute with terror and astonishment. The devout old friar was the first to speak. " Woe ! " he said, " woe to those men who will not be persuaded to heaven by the mild and gracious invitations of their God, nor scared from hell by the solemn warnings with which Satan himself admonishes them !"

This tale may have been the origin of the proverb—"The devil rebukes sin." It teaches a fearful and solemn truth, of which the world has daily experience. For what preacher can so powerfully demonstrate the danger of sin, and its

* This is not the " Venerable Bede."

frightful consequences, as sin itself does, when walking through the world incarnate in human forms, in all their loathsomeness and anguish! This is one of the few legends we have seen, in which a fiend makes his appearance in an appropriate and impressive manner. In most monkish legends, the devil is introduced in a ludicrous manner, not as a mighty, implacable and tremendous power, but as a mere blockhead buffoon, easily overreached, filling the same part as "the vice," in the ancient miracle-plays and mysteries, like the Pantaloon of modern pantomime, duped and buffeted by all. Such legends must have been incalculably injurious to the popular mind in olden times, tending to place Satan in a false light, and leading men to estimate too meanly their danger from their great spiritual enemy.

As a relief from this gloomy subject, we will turn to one more gracious, a legend of St. Augustine (the celebrated Bishop of Hippo), referring to him in the early period of his life, before his conversion from the perverted learning and too daring researches of the Manichean heresy, in which he was entangled from A. D. 373 to 384, when struck, probably, by some such thought as is suggested in the following legend, he went to Milan, to hear the preaching of St. Ambrose, by which he was converted. It was at the baptism of his great convert, that St. Ambrose is said to have sung that sublime hymn, commonly styled the *Te Deum*. The legend has been clad by Aloysius Schreiber * in a poetic garb, from which we translate it:

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Along the shore of summer sea
Walked Saint Augustine thoughtfully:
Too deeply did he seek to scan
The nature of the Lord of man.
Nor was the task abstruse, he thought—
His mind with Scripture texts was fraught;
He deemed to his presumption given
To learn the mysteries of Heaven.
Then, suddenly descried he there
A boy of aspect wondrous fair,
Who, bending forwards o'er the strand,
Scooped out a hollow in the sand,
And filled it, with a limpet shell,
From out the ocean's briny well.

Augustine spake—"My pretty boy,
What is thy play, or thy employ?"
"Look, sir! within this little hole,
The sea, with all the waves that roll,
For sport I'll put." Augustine smiled—
"Thy sport is all for naught, my child;
Thy utmost labor is in vain—
Thine aim thou never canst attain."
"Let him to whom such power's denied,
Content in his own path abide;
Much to the loving heart is dear,
That to the brain doth dark appear."
So spake the boy; then to the light
His wings displayed, of glistening white,
And, like an eagle, soared away,
Lost in the sun's resplendent ray.

Long after him Augustine gazed,
And said, with heart and eyes upraised—
"The truth he spake; the human mind
Is still to time and space confined,
And cannot pass beyond; but he
Who lives in faith and righteously,
So much of God shall he discern
As needeth man on earth to learn."

* Native of the Grand Duchy of Baden.

We proceed to a legend, in which the rash enthusiasm for the ascetic life, that was so prevalent in the fourth century, is sensibly and feelingly rebuked. We translate from the German of the poetic version by Herder:

ONUPHRIUS IN THE WILDERNESS.

The rose and myrtle form the lover's wreath;
For bard and hero grows the laurel bough;
The palm-tree to the holy victor gives
Its glorious branch—and to the wanderer,
Weary and lone, his God can cause to spring
A palm-tree in the barren wilderness.

Onuphrius, a rash and zealous youth,
Had heard Elijah's life ascetic lauded
With highest praise; to imitation fired,
He girt himself, and to the desert fled.

Seven days he wandered there—but heard no voice
Speaking from heav'n—"What dost thou here, Eli-
jah?"

From hunger, thirst, and the fierce burning heat
He sank exhausted—"Take, O Lord! my life:
But grant, O grant! one cool refreshing draught."

Then came deep sleep upon his heavy eyes;
His angel stood beside him—"Thou presumptuous!
Who tempt'st the Lord thy God—art thou Elijah?
Yet to instruct thee, and console thee, listen!
A stream is rippling at thy side, and o'er
Thy head a palm-tree rustles: sev'n'ty years
Here shalt thou live with them; and they shall die
E'en when thou diest; but all those lonely years
Never shall the sweet sound of human voice,
Or human footstep, echo in thine ear,
Till one shall come, who comes to make thy grave."

Soothed, though astonished, he awoke and saw
The stream, the tree, e'en as the angel said.
He called the palm his brother, and the stream
His sister: from the water and the fruit
Refreshment found, and clad him with the leaves.
But through the long, long years, threescore and ten,
He never heard the welcome voice of man.

At length a footstep—"Now, he comes! 't is he!
The man whom God hath sent to make my grave."
He met his guest, and welcomed him, and told
The story of his palm. Then spake the stranger—
"Thy duty is fulfilled—speed hence! these wilds
Befit thee not; for man was made for man."

Scarce had he spoken, when that gray old hermit
Sank down in death—a sudden wind uprooted
The sighing palm; and the clear stream dried up.
But through the air a joyful hymn was heard—
"Come, brother! come from out thy wilderness—
Come! angel choirs invite thee to enjoy
Beneath the palms of heav'n at length that bliss—
Brotherly love, thy fault had forfeited."

Paphnutius buried there the dead, whose face
With happiness seemed radiant. The rude desert,
With frowning aspect, from its wastes repelled him.
"Ah!" thought he, "for so many men as grieve
And wrong their brethren, e'en so many more
Give to each other pity, aid, and strength,
And consolation—Man was made for man."

There is a beautiful touch of miniature painting in this little piece. It is the yearning after social ties still lurking in the heart of the hermit, as betrayed by his calling the palm his brother, and the stream his sister; soothing himself, in his isolation, by the names of kindred bestowed on his inanimate companions. Paphnutius, mentioned in the legend, was a bishop of the Upper Thebaid, in Egypt. He had been a sufferer for

the faith in the persecution under Maximian (A. D. 302 and 303), having had his left leg cut off and his right eye plucked out; and in that maimed state being condemned to work in the mines. He was distinguished among (perhaps above) his contemporaries for moderation, good sense, and good feeling. A pleasing anecdote, illustrative of his judgment and humanity, is related in some ecclesiastical histories. After the persecution had ceased, he had gone to visit St. Anthony, called the Great, the famous Egyptian ascetic, whose example had filled the Thebais with so many solitaries. It happened that one of the monks of Anthony's convent had committed a fault, for which he was reproached by his brethren with the utmost virulence, by way of showing him the magnitude of his transgression, and leading him to repentance. The monk went to complain to Anthony of their undue severity, but they pursued him and continued their vituperations, even in the presence of Anthony and Paphnutius; and the latter, in order to mark his opinion of their injudicious and injurious conduct, calmly observed, "I once saw a man sinking in a bog; some persons, passing by, ran to help him out, but instead of so doing they plunged him in deeper." Anthony, turning to the good bishop, with a look of approbation, replied, "Thou hast said well, Paphnutius; I see thou understandest how souls are to be saved." Paphnutius was at the Council of Nice in 325; and when the assembled ecclesiastics proposed to establish, as a rule, that any man who received holy orders, being married, should put away his wife, he prevented the adoption of the resolution, referring the Council to the ancient ecclesiastical law, that a man who received holy orders, being married, should retain his wife; but being single, should remain unmarried.

As pendants to the foregoing legend of Christian origin, we would add two or three more ancient, borrowed from the elder sister of Christianity, Judaism. The Talmud is a great storehouse of Jewish traditions, theological, historical, and didactic; some of them, it is true, wild and overstrained allegories; some exaggerated with Oriental extravagance; some puerile; some (the later ones) offensive to our faith as Christians; some absurd, with an absurdity *sui generis*, peculiar to the Rabbis; but the general tenor is mild, peaceful, humane, and moral, with a rural and pastoral spirit. Buxtorf, though often declaiming against the faults of the Talmud, admits that it contains admirable maxims, acute and excellent proverbs, gentle and instructive tales, and much information in various branches of knowledge. The first legend we shall give is from those divisions of the Talmud, called the Treatise, "Shabbath," and "Aboda Zara."

RABBI ELIESER'S REPENTANCE.

Rabbi Elieser was convinced of the great necessity all men continually have of repentance. He used constantly to say to those around him, "Repent one day before death." His disciples asked him, "How can any man know upon what day he should die?" Rabbi Elieser replied, "So much the more is it needful that he should repent to-day, lest he should die to-morrow; wherefore, it is expedient that he live in repentance all his days. And Solomon, the king, hath said, in his wisdom, 'Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment.' By which he means repentance, and a life fruitful in

* Eccles. ix. 8.

good works; so as to be always in a state of preparation for death." Notwithstanding the pious convictions of Rabbi Elieser, and his anxious teaching of others, it happened one day that he yielded to a temptation, and fell into grievous sin. But he hardened not his heart. The passing breeze awoke in him a sudden reflection. "As a breath of air returneth no more to the place whence it came, so shall the soul of Rabbi Elieser return not to salvation."

Deeply smitten with the sense of guilt, the afflicted and contrite Rabbi dared not lift up his heart to his offended God; but, in the extremity of his anguish, he called on the mountains and the hills, entreating them to pray for him. But they replied—"Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves; for it is not written, 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed?'"—(Isaiah liv. 10.) Then stretching forth his hands, Rabbi Elieser invoked the intercession of the heavens and the earth, and besought them to pray for him; but in vain, for they replied—"Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves; for it is not written, 'The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment?'"—(Isaiah li. 6.) The distressed penitent, thus repulsed, sought the mediation of the sun and moon, but unsuccessfully; for they, too, refused, saying, "Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves; for it is not written, 'The moon shall be confounded, and the sun ashamed?'"—(Isaiah xxiv. 23.) As a last resource, the repentant Rabbi turned to the lesser lights of heaven—"O ye stars and planets, pray for me!" But they answered him, "Nay, but we have need to pray for ourselves; for it is not written, 'All the host of heaven shall be dissolved?'"—(Isaiah xxxiv. 4.)

The Rabbi thus repulsed, sat down upon the earth, and, wrapping his head in his mantle, wept sore, lamenting his transgression; till at last, in the bitterness of his sorrow, his soul departed from him—and, at the same instant, a voice from heaven was heard to say, "Rabbi Elieser is pardoned!"

This legend, which greatly partakes of the nature of parable, tells, in a fine imaginative strain, of the insufficiency of any created thing to mediate for the sins of another; of the frailty of all (however glorious to us) in the eyes of their Creator, and of the hope that remains in the mercy of God for the sincere penitent: so far it is good and impressive; but its author, a Jew and a Talmudist, was not able to carry it far enough.

From an old Rabbinical book, we give another figurative tale, short but pithy:

THE INAUGURATION OF THE VINEYARD.

When Noah was occupied in planting the first vineyard, Satan stood by to behold the work. In a short time he comprehended its nature, and foresaw all the evil consequences that would flow from it, with the juice of the vineyard. Delighted at the prospect of all the vice, disease, misery, and degradation about to be introduced into the world, the Evil One exultingly inaugurated the first vineyard, by sacrificing in the midst of it, a sheep, a lion, and a swine.

These three animals typify the three bestial stages of intoxication; the first, maudlin good-humor, when man is bland and silly as a sheep, a ready dupe for the designing; next, when he becomes quarrelsome, and is fierce and dangerous as a lion, and ready to stain himself with blood; and last, when he becomes brutal, like the swine, and wallows on the earth in the mire of degradation.

Our last specimens shall be two of a peaceful and pastoral strain:

THE TREASURE TROVE.

When Alexander of Macedon was seeking realms to conquer, he met with a people in Africa, who lived in a very remote and obscure corner, who had never heard of war or conquerors, and who enjoyed their humble cottages in profound peace. They met the Macedonian king, and conducted him to the dwelling of their ruler, who received him hospitably, and set before him as a feast, dates, figs, and other fruits made of gold. "What! do you eat gold here?" asked Alexander. "No; but I imagined thou hadst food enough to eat in thine own country, and that it was a desire of gold that led thee forth from it. Why, therefore, hast thou come to us from so far a country?" "It was not for your gold I came," replied Alexander; "but I desired to learn your customs." "Even so; then abide among us as long as thou wilt."

While the ruler and the Grecian were conversing, two men of the tribe came in, to appeal to the ruler's judgment. The complainant spoke—"I bought a piece of ground from this man, and when I was digging it I found a treasure. The treasure is not mine, for I purchased only the ground—I never included in the purchase any hidden treasure; but this man, who sold me the land, refuses to receive the treasure from me." The defendant now replied—"I am as conscientious as my neighbor. I sold him the ground, and everything that might be in it; therefore, the treasure is justly his, and I cannot take it."

The ruler took time to understand the case clearly, and then asked one of the parties—"Hast thou a son?" "I have." He inquired of the other—"Hast thou a daughter?" "Yea." "So, then the son shall marry the daughter, and the young couple shall have the treasure as a wedding portion."

Alexander betrayed some emotion. "Is not my judgment just?" inquired the ruler. "Perfectly just," returned Alexander; "but it surprises me." "How then, would the case have been decided in thy country?" "To own the truth," said Alexander, "both the men would have been taken in custody, and the treasure seized for the king." "For the king!" said the ruler, full of astonishment; "does the sun shine in that land?" "Surely." "Does the rain fall?" "Of course." "Wonderful! but are there gentle grazing animals there?" "There are, and of many kinds." "Then," said the ruler, "it is for the sake of those innocent animals that the all-merciful Creator permits the sun to shine, and the rain to fall upon your land; ye deserve it not."

RABBI ISAAC'S BENEDICTION.

The aged Rabbi Isaac had gone to visit his friend, Rabbi Nachman. Many weeks they abode together, conversing of the law of Moses, and mutually instructing and enlightening each other. At length the hour of parting came. The idea that he might never again behold his aged friend, caused Rabbi Nachman's eyes to fill with tears. At length he said—"Bless me, even me, my dear and honored friend, ere thou dost depart from me." "I bless thee, O thou excellent of the earth! thou who art so like yon palm-tree." "What palm-tree, Rabbi Isaac?" "Listen, my brother. There was once a wanderer in the wilderness; he was hungry, thirsty, and very faint. Suddenly, he discovered, on the banks of a stream, a thickly foliaged palm-tree, hung with ripe dates. He lay down beneath its shade, satisfied his hunger with the fruit, and quenched his thirst from the stream, and was refreshed. He arose, and, leaning on his staff, looked thankfully upon the shadowing tree. 'Kind and liberal palm, I bless thee; but where-withal shall I bless thee, that thy fruit may prosper? Lo, they are even now sweet and refreshing. That thy branches may spread around? Yet how lofty is

thy crown, and how cool and extended is thy shade. That a rivulet shall water thy roots? How bright and pure is the stream that flows beside thee. Yet, thus will I bless thee, thou mighty palm; may all thy saplings be like unto thee!' Even thus I bless thee, my friend and host. Thou hast great wisdom; and wealth and high station are thine; the joys of a pure conscience, a happy home, and the love of the righteous, are thine in all their fulness. May thy children resemble thee! may their lot be as thine."

With these words of peace and benediction, we take our leave (we trust not unaptly) of the reader.

M. E. M.

AN AUSTRALIAN MISS.—The precocity of the Australian youth, to be properly understood and believed, can only be fully appreciated by being an eye-witness to some of these very extraordinary young creatures. I have seen a girl of ten years of age possess all the manner of an old lady of sixty; she would flirt with three men at a time, and have a ready answer for them when teasing her; would move like an accomplished actress, manipulate gracefully, play whist, chess, and other games, and talk about getting married. This child, for such I must call her, was a greater mental giant than O'Brien, with his moving mountain of flesh, and far more entertaining than twenty Tom Thumbs.—*Shaw's Tramp to the Diggings.*

INSTRUCTION AMONG SAILORS.—Some time ago, when a Prussian merchant-vessel touched at Greenock, it was found, from a circumstance which occurred, that every sailor on board could read and write; not one required to sign with a mark for his name. This was deemed to be a somewhat remarkable instance of scholarship, comparing it with the unfortunately too common deficiencies of English sailors; and it is of course only accounted for by the fact, that, in Prussia, elementary education is compulsory, while, in our own country, the education of a child is very much a matter of chance.

This incident respecting the educated Prussians has been called to our mind by the perusal of a report in the *Times*, newspaper (Nov. 9), relative to the degree of instruction possessed by the commanders and mates of vessels in the district of Teignmouth and South Shields. The following passage in the report is worth noting:—"Since the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and the increase of foreign vessels in our port, one circumstance has attracted the attention of observant persons—namely, the superiority of masters of vessels belonging to the northern parts of Europe—Sweden and Norway in especial—in point of mercantile ability, as compared with our men. There is hardly a common seaman that comes from those countries, but has a tolerable acquaintance with the English language, the rate of Exchanges, &c., and is enabled to conduct his own business without the intervention of an interpreter. As compared with them it is very rarely that a master of a British vessel of a moderate burden is met with who can talk any language but his own; and as to our seamen, with the hearty contempt they have for 'them there foreigners,' such a thing is out of the question. It is a great drawback, and the cause of a thousand embarrassments in foreign ports."

It cannot be doubted, that the competition which now takes place between British and foreign shipping, will speedily be the means of putting our masters of vessels on their mettle, and of improving the character and position of sailors in various ways. But, meanwhile, what a scandal is the general deficiency of the merest elements of education in the humbler departments of the mercantile marine!—*Chamber's Jour.*

From Chambers' Journal.

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

THE sentimental young lady has a family-resemblance to the sentimental young gentleman, but personally they are as unlike as if they were no relatives at all. The coarseness and hardness of the masculine animal modify his sentimentality. He is not melancholy, but severe. The arrow has entered his soul by anticipation. He bestows his contempt and detestation upon mankind in the form of an advance. Knowing the pangs of betrayed friendship and unrequited love to be in store for him, he rushes up to them indignantly, and feels them beforehand. These, however, are endurable by the brave and scornful; but the loneliness of his being is an immortal pang. How is it that he is not understood by his fellow-men? Why is he a single, solitary atom in this tremendous universe, belonging to no system, and the object of no sympathy? If he cannot be loved, he will at least make himself feared; he cultivates an awful head of hair; and, if his profession is intended to be a peaceable one, addicts himself, with stern resolution, to the moustache. Seldom he laughs; but he is an adept at the smile for which we have no name in our language, although the French indicate it by the word, *ricaner*, expressing the alarming hilarity of a death's head. It is no wonder that his (prospective) miseries should drive him to take refuge in soda-water and Havanas, since he ranks himself among those castaways of the world who are privileged to have recourse, in their isolation, to intemperance and crime; repeating, with the proud despair of a Fallen Angel, the Byronic lines—

Then the spirits that still float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail can never stretch again!

This young gentleman finds the world he defies an ugly customer. It thrashes him into good-humor with it. It knocks him about till he has no breath for vituperation. His betraying friend helps him out of a sponging-house, or he helps the other, which is all one. He marries his unrequiting love; and discovers, to his consternation, that he has changed her into a wife. All his corners are finally rubbed off by the collisions of time; likewise the hair from the crown of his head. He becomes fond of ease and long stories and sipping claret; he grows gouty and obese; he dies, and is buried.

The sentimental young lady is quite a different person. She is more melancholy than severe, more plaintive than vituperative. There is a mystery in her sadness which piques the curiosity of others—perhaps her own. She has various difficulties to struggle with in a world that seems to be made up of antagonisms between mind and matter. Her tendency to *embonpoint* is kept down only by the ceaseless anxiety it costs her; and a distressing appetite forces her to all sorts of expedients. At dinner, she will trouble you for nothing more than the side-bone of a chicken, "as she is not partial to animal food," and as she had eaten enough of bread and butter before the company came in to remove the sensation of hunger, it is to this delicacy of eating, in fact, she owes

the faint perfume included by Barry Cornwall among the attributes of beauty, but which the coarser Byron alludes to as smelling of bread and butter. We admit, however, that there is some want of science betrayed in the young lady's proceedings on this point, bread and butter containing in reality much more of the fattening principle than animal food; however, she does all for the best, listening, poor girl, to the crackling of her corsage-strings, as if they were so many pistol-shots fired by an ambushed assassin at her peace. Another misery is the vulgar suffusion to which her face is liable. To spread the hue of health over the pale sufferer's cheek is a mere hypocrisy of nature; and she opposes it as far as pearl-powder and internal draughts will go. She is seldom entirely successful, the color, banished from every other spot, lingering occasionally on her nose—a remarkable phenomenon, since she rigorously abstains from wine.

The sentimental young lady has a heavy epistolary correspondence, although for the most part confined to a single individual. This is the serious business of her life. On coming down stairs in the morning, she darts upon the basket on the hall-table like a bird of prey. At other post-hours, she watches at the parlor window. She has learned to interpret the physiognomy of the postman, between whom and her there is gradually developed a masonic intelligence. Sometimes he shakes his head and says, "No, miss," with a deprecating look; and at other times puts the looked-for letters into her hands confidentially, and passes on as if relieved from a responsibility. What is the subject of these letters? We dare not conjecture; but we have a dim impression that they relate mainly to metaphysics, and contain the true key to ever so much of the philosophy of life. But we must here advert—and not without indignation—to the practice this young lady has of crossing her letters. This she perpetrates not only vertically, but often diagonally to boot; thereby converting the letter into a dense congeries of scratches, as unintelligible as the Rosetta Stone would have been if its three inscriptions had been jumbled together. It was our intention, we may hint to those concerned, if a certain borough that shall be nameless, had not unaccountably rejected our proffered services in Parliament, to introduce a bill bringing this offence—at present reckoned a mere immorality—into the category of criminal misdemeanors, visited by lengthened imprisonment, bread and water, and the deprivation of pen and ink.

The sentimental young lady has usually another friend, who resides in the next street. They take solitary walks together; they go to one another's houses at all sorts of odd times; they are always seen speaking to each other confidentially, and are never overheard. No one knows the nature of their intercommunications. When a third person approaches, they look at each other warningly, and are silent. Their private business follows them everywhere; and when they meet in the evening, they sit side by side, whispering in a corner of the room. They converse a great deal, too, with their eyes, exchanging the looks it is customary to designate as "meaning," when people don't know what they mean.

It might be supposed that the sentimental young lady would be in love with the sentimental young gentleman; but this never happens. Her chosen one, both in mind and person, is the most

common-place specimen of his sex. All the qualities she adores in him are electro-biological; and between her and her friend he is made up into a figure which his own mother would not know. Even when he laughs at her sentiment—of which he cannot make head or tail—she is delighted; for it is not to be expected that these shocking men should comprehend a woman like her. She thinks, however, that he is impressionable. His tendencies are all right; and by degrees she will be able to refine and elevate him. This must be done before marriage; and there is no hurry. To be “engaged” is paradise, with marriage looking beautifully blue in the distance. She never would marry, if she could help it, but always be going to be married; it is so delicious to be in a continual mystery, to exchange conscious looks with him, and meaning ones with her friend, and to hear people whispering about her as she enters the room. She has, in fact, an instinctive misgiving as to marriage.

And no wonder; for that is the end of the sentimental young lady. No sooner is the magic ring on her finger, than the hallucination vanishes, and she sees nothing about her but pianos, carpets, and milk and water. She abandons bread and butter, and takes without remorse to animal food and two glasses of wine. She drops acquaintance with the postman, gives up crossing her letters, and by-and-by rarely writes at all. Her friend feels that something has come between them, and relinquishes of her own accord the confidential tone. The married lady grows communicative with the world, but not on the subject of her earlier history. No man knows to this day the nature of her written correspondence, or the secret of her confidential whispers. In the mean time she gives way to her natural tendency, thrives on what she eats and drinks, acquires a good, round, comfortable armful of a waist, while the warm hue of health, subsiding from the tantalizing position it had taken up on her nose, diffuses itself over her ripe cheeks. Her delicate voice grows distinct and matronly; and her laugh rings sharp and clear through the room. In the course of time, she has any reasonable number of children, or any unreasonable number; and she takes special care that not one of them shall have any chance of turning out a Sentimental Young Lady.

For the Living Age.

EARLY LOVE.

THEY met—and none were nigh but deemed
They met as friends, endeared of yore;
So calm each careless aspect seemed
With mutual greetings gladdening o'er.

Their hands were joined, as but to hold,
In welcome grasp, each other near;
And severing, left no blush that told
Of more than friendly pressure there.

They smiled—you would have thought the smile
But some kind impulse from the heart;
Springing spontaneous, thence, the while
Its passing pleasure to impart.

They spoke—there was no faltering word
That wavered from its proper tone;
No accent where a note was heard
That common parlance might not own.

They walked the garden, fresh with flowers;
They gathered roses from their stem;
They talked of birds, and shrubs, and bowers,
And only seemed to think of them.

And yet, time was when either's looks,
Or words, or smiles, or hands embraced,
Or flowers exchanged, were sibyl books,
Where both their fondest wishes traced.

But thus it is that envious age
Denies to love all outward sign;
Blotting, as 't were, the glowing page
Where once he shone in every line.

Was love still there?—a hidden guest,
A captive in some secret cell;
A traitor, trembling in the breast,
That dared not of existence tell?

Was love still there? Oh, had he left
The lips, the eyes, the cheek, the brow,
Of all his tell-tale traits bereft—
The heart his only refuge now?

Say, was he there? Had years of pain,
Of sorrow, joy, ambition, pride,
Strip him of all this fair domain,
In hopeless exile there to hide?

Or is he like that mystic fount
That hid its current deep in earth,
But shone, whene'er it dared to mount,
As bright and pure as at its birth?

W. B. B.

Ellendale, Vt.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MILTON HUMBLBY IMITATED.

I.

How pleasant is thy face, O friendly moon!
How calm, how pensive, how devoid of guile,
How deep, intense, yet tearful in thy smile—
Like a sun struck with sorrow at its noon!
About the paths of earth careering ever,
The garish day thy modest courses shun;
But when the journey-work of man is done,
Thou proffer'st thy clear cup, to cool his fever.
'T is much from the sad labors of my way,
These withering struggles, thus by night to steal,
And sit where down between dark walls may stray
My silent footfall—and the blessing feel
Of calm repose succeed the toilsome day—
Or in thy mystic presence rapt, to kneel.

II.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

Cynthia! now riding high o'er land and sea,
Immeasurably high, yet calm and mild,
Like the meek mien of some imperial child,
Unconscious of its empire! here to me,
Sunk in the cell of deep despondency,
Yet canst thou be from thy bright realm beguiled,
Content to turn this way thy footsteps wild,
Pale, pitying ministrant to misery!
Low as I lie, I've comfort yet to view,
Thy light step steal about, like hers that bore me;
Fresh from above, and scenting of the dew
That bathes the planet-sown savannas o'er me,
And think how strange, since man in scorn withdrew,
The queen of heaven herself should wait before me!

From Punch.

RESIGNATION AND RECONCILIATION.

A DRAMA OF POLITICAL LIFE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Disraeli, a Discontent. | Graham, the Generous Foe.
 Russell, a Repentant. | Wood, a Waverer.
 Sibthorp, the Slasher.

Members, silent and noisy, &c.

SCENE—*The House of Commons.* Mr. Disraeli discovered attempting—by holding up his finger curved like a hook—to catch the Speaker's eye. The leaders of the various parties opposite. Colonel Sibthorp in the distance wearing an attitude of isolation, and general want of confidence in everything.

Mr. Disraeli. A word or two, I pray thee, Mr. Speaker. [Speaker nods assent.

Mr. Disraeli (continues). After that fatal vote of Thursday night

More fatal to the country than to me (a laugh),
 The Earl of Derby and his gallant band
 Tendered their resignations to the queen.
 Their resignations with a gracious smile
 Her majesty accepted. (Aside.) Woe is me!
 (Aloud.) This morning came to me on rumor's wings—

Wings made by feathers of reporter's pens—
 A statement that the Earl of Aberdeen
 Had undertaken the important task
 Of finding fit successors to ourselves.

We hold our offices just as the pot
 Holds the hot soup, till the tureen is ready;
 But, let me use another simile;
 We hold our offices after the fashion

In which I've seen the scarlet-vested scamp
 Holding a horse until the rider comes
 And takes his seat with a triumphant air.
 Now let me thank those whom I see around
 For the indulgence they have shown to me—

(Aside.) In doing all they could to turn me out.
 (Aloud.) Oh! let me praise their generosity,
 (Aside.) Exhibited in plans to trip me up,
 And take advantage of my weak position.

(Aloud.) Oh, sir! if ever in the hot debate
 An angry word has found by chance its way
 Across the margin of these wayward lips,
 If e'er—departing from my better nature—
 I've hurt the feelings of a single member,
 I deeply, ay, most bitterly regret it;
 With all the depth and all the bitterness
 Of which 't is known that I am capable.

I never meant it; sure you'll give me credit
 For saying often what I did not mean.
 Trust me, though aloes clustered on my lip,
 There was a hive of honey at my heart.
 May the impression be as light and transient
 As was the provocation I received!

(Aside.) When I forget the vile conspirators
 Who in discordant and unnatural band
 Were linked together—but to ruin me,
 May I forget—no matter—(Aloud.) Mr. Speaker,
 With words of kindness—born of kindest thoughts—
 Let me express the fondly yearning hope
 That I may take with me across the House,
 The kind opinion of my kindest friends,
 Though they adopt all kinds of politics.
 So I resign—with love for all mankind.

[Cheers from all sides.

Lord John Russell (wiping away a tear). I rise
 to say, how from my inmost heart
 (Right through my over-coat, down to my vest),
 I hear the honorable member's words
 Echoed in every chamber, vault and cell,
 Of my intensely sympathizing bosom
 And oh! if ever on a flying word
 A barbed point has been by chance conveyed,

With double power to poison and to pierce,
 May all the venom turn to healing balm,
 And nothing but the feather still remain,
 To serve as feathers for each other's caps.
 And ah! should other ministers exist
 Like him who now retires, may every one
 Go out as he goes out. (Aside.) I'll do my best
 To keep him from too long remaining in.

(Loud Cheers.)

Sir James Graham. The future, sir, to me is all a mist—

(Aside.) I must not say a word of our intentions—
 (Aloud.) But for the past I have to say a word;
 'T is true the honorable gentleman
 Has wounded me—but then, he did n't mean it.
 For, if he had intended what he said—
 But no, his meaning ne'er was in his words.
 His talents I've admired fervently;
 And for his bitter insults, what of them?
 'T is very fitting that we should forget
 The acts of one who oft forgets himself.

(Loud Cheers.)

Sir C. Wood. Let me, sir, to this general amnesty
 My share of generosity contribute.

If I've insulted anybody here,
 I knew it not; then who can take offence;
 He that may wound another person's feelings,
 Let him not know 't, and 't is no wound at all.
 As to the honorable gentleman
 From whom I've lately had some hardish hits,
 If he has planted on me some few sores,
 He has so gracefully tendered a plaster,
 That I forget it all; and if at times
 I've hit him rather smartly on the raw,
 I hope he will forget—forgive, as I do.

[Sits down amid low cheers.

Colonel Sibthorp. I've listened with attention to them all,

And hold them every one in like contempt;
 I love to see them knock each other down,
 Nor will I stretch a hand to lift them up.
 I've heard the Earl of Derby has resigned,
 Which I regret—not on my own account—
 Office, I've never held, nor ever will.
 No; 't is my pride that in the House of Commons
 I shall be, as I am, quite out of place.
 As to the generous sentiments I've heard,
 They come from those who one another hate
 With feline fierceness, and with rage canine;
 Or, like in plainer language, cat and dog.
 I verily believe they'll soon be found
 At it again, tooth, nail, hammer and tongs;
 For I've no confidence in any one—
 Except myself;—and while I hold a seat,
 My motto shall be ever, "Down with humbug!"
 My cry, "Beware of mantraps and spring guns."
 [The House is counted out, and the curtain falls.

THE following lithographed lines were received by post on the 26th of Oct., by many personages in Paris. The paper on which they were printed was edged with black, as if for mourning.

Ossèques de la Citoyenne Françoise République.

Partisans de la République,
 Grand raisonneurs en politique,
 Dont je partage les douleurs,
 Venez assister en famille
 Au grand convoi de votre fille,
 Morte en couches d'un Empereur.
 L'indivisible citoyenne
 Qui ne devait jamais périr,
 N'a pu supporter sans mourir
 L'opération Césarienne.
 Mais vous ne perdrez presque rien,
 O vous que cet accident touche;
 Car si la Mère est morte en couche,
 L'Enfant du moins se porte bien.